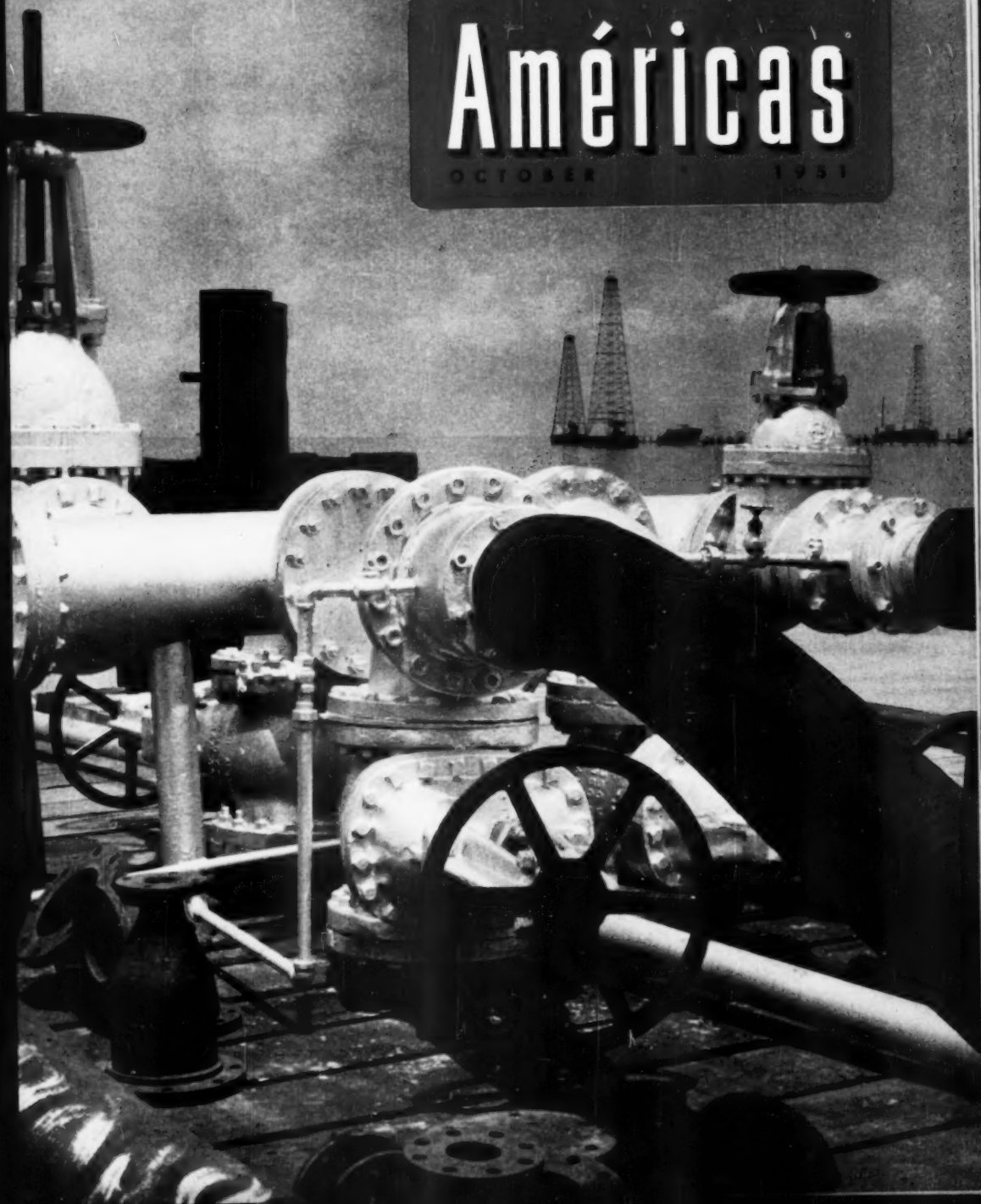
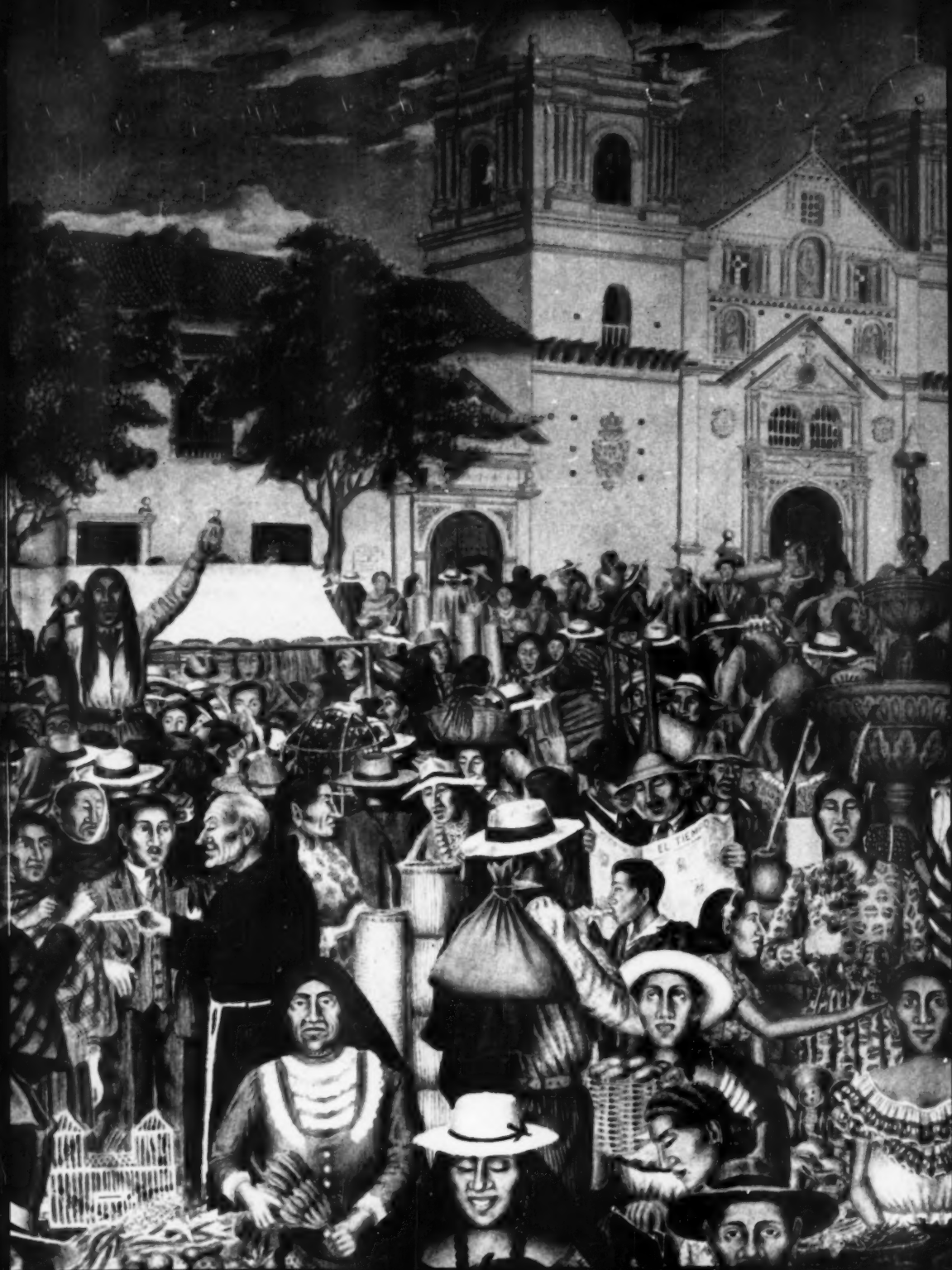


Américas

OCTOBER

1951





Américas

Volume 3, Number 10

October 1951

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

CONTENTS

Page

- 2 CONTRIBUTORS
- 3 PARTNERS IN PROGRESS Scott Seegers
- 7 RACONTEURS OF THE CONQUEST Enrique Anderson Imbert
- 10 WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE N. Pelham Wright
- 13 SURINAM Louis Brunings
- 17 THE POET NUN Ermilo Abreu Gómez
- 20 FROM CADILLAC TO FORD Salomé Mandel
- 24 THROUGH THE EYES OF SEGALL Sergio Milliet
- 28 ACCENT ON YOUTH: WORLD LEADERS MEET
Constantine Poulos
- 32 POINTS OF VIEW
- 36 OAS FOTO-FLASHES
- 37 BOOKS
AMERICA'S FIRST WRITER Rafael Martí-Abelló
TWO SAGAS OF EARLY PEOPLES Muna Lee
- 40 PRESENTING OUR AMBASSADORS
- 44 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 45 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?
- 48 RADIO AND RECORDS
- 48 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.
Alberto Lleras, Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando de Sá Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Aliq
Luis E. Guillén
Mary G. Reynolds
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos
Betty Wilson

Layout & Typography

Presentation Incorporated

Cover

Oil installations on Lake Maracaibo symbolize Venezuela's one-product economy, which the Rockefeller projects seek to diversify (see page 3). Photograph by Scott Seegers

Dear Reader

As this issue of AMERICAS goes to press, the Inter-American Cultural Council is holding its inaugural session in Mexico City. While this is the first time the OAS has had a technical council made up of representatives of all the governments and charged with promoting inter-American cooperation in the somewhat loosely defined field of culture, our countries' joint efforts in this field are by no means new. Indeed, our association's age and proven efficacy permit us to regard the Council's task with confidence. It will be able to go on carrying out the program it draws up in a serene atmosphere, adding something to its experience each year and carefully measuring the results obtained.

The new agency's name would obviously suggest that it will deal with the culture of the Americas. But that is too broad a generalization. Many important parts of our culture lie in the province of other agencies—for example, the juridical and political developments, which, in their international aspect, represent a basic American contribution to civilization. So the new Council's territory is not *all* of culture, but some of its most brilliant American expressions. This is not because of any conclusion that American culture or cultures are clearly distinct from the non-American ones, but because the Council pursues the practical aim of using these cultural forms to produce better understanding among the peoples in this part of the world.

We must realize that the Council's mission is not to be a depository, or patron, or guardian of the culture of the Americas, and that the peoples and the governments have not turned all cultural problems over to it. The governments are not freeing themselves of their national responsibilities or transferring them to this or any other body, and the peoples who wisely reject official dictation of culture by their own nationals surely would not consent to such domination by an international agency.

These limitations, however, do not detract from the importance of the Council's work. The American governments were the first to embody in international agreements the theory of collective action for the creation of an environment favorable to peace. The right of all to equal opportunities and freedom, regardless of sex, religion, color, race, or political convictions, has not only been proclaimed in their constitutions and laws but, through treaties, has also become a part of their international obligations.

To make these principles a reality, we must pierce that other, age-old "iron curtain" that has kept millions in isolation and ignorance. Knowing that the task is sometimes too much for national resources, the countries offer each other mutual help. So a collective campaign mobilizing all possible resources to wipe out illiteracy is one natural activity for the Council, and I cannot think of a more important one.

It is true that all the nations of the New World today seem preoccupied with the international defense of the very principles they have proclaimed as their reason for existence. But the task in this field cannot be separated from the other. And while we may hope that the problem of armed defense will be temporary, the task that faces the Cultural Council is a permanent one.

Munthley
Secretary General

Any material not copyrighted may be reprinted from AMERICAS, providing it is accompanied by the following credit line: "Reprinted from AMERICAS, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union in English, Spanish, and Portuguese." Articles must carry the author's name.

Subscription rate of AMERICAS: \$3.00 a year for the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢.

Alfonso Ramirez Fajardo
Opposite: Market Day, watercolor by Colombian



the front porch. This direct approach convinced Mr. Seegers that the projects were in competent hands and led to the current article. A free-lance writer and photographer, Mr. Seegers is a native of Andalusia—not the province of Spain but a town in southern Alabama—and is now living in McLean, Virginia.



When AMERICAS asked ENRIQUE ANDERSON IMBERT, author of "Raconteurs of the Conquest," to submit a short biography for this department, he modestly protested that "the real face of the writer is his style and the record of his past is a burden." But we managed to glean these details: Born in Argentina in 1910, he received his Doctor of Philosophy and Letters degree from the National University in Buenos Aires. Since then, literature has been his business. In 1947, from a professorship of Hispano-American literature at the National University at Tucumán, he emigrated to the United States, where he has given courses at Princeton and Harvard. Presently an instructor at the University of Michigan, he is the author of several novels: *Vigilia*, which won the Buenos Aires Municipal Literary Prize in 1934; *Las Pruebas del Caos* (*The Proofs of Chaos*); *Fuga* (*Escape*); and various essays and criticisms.



Brazilian critic SERGIO MILLIET examines in "Through the Eyes of Segall" the work of an artist who is American by adoption, the Pole-turned-Brazilian Lasar Segall. Mr. Milliet was born in São Paulo fifty-three years ago and was educated in Switzerland at the University of Geneva. Returning to São Paulo, he became an important figure in municipal life, numbering among his posts general secretary of the city's university. He has also been chief of the editorial section of the newspaper *O Estado de São Paulo* and is a familiar contributor to the daily *A Manhã* of

Rio. His poems and essays and comments on painting have been widely published both in Brazil and abroad.



AMERICAS is proud this month to present the latest comments on his favorite subject of ERMILLO ABREU GÓMEZ, one of the world authorities on "The Poet Nun" Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. Born in 1894 at Mérida, Yucatán, Sr. Abreu Gómez has been writing since 1910, and is today Editor of Fundamental Education Materials for the PAU. Educated at the Colegio de San Ildefonso, Mérida, and the Colegio del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús, Puebla, he has become one of Mexico's outstanding men of letters. As a specialist on Sor Juana, the author joins the ranks of those noted scholars who have spent their lives examining one extraordinary literary figure—men like R. P. Blackmur, the late Professor Kittredge of Harvard, or Américo Castro. Known also for his works of criticism, creative writing, and teaching, Sr. Abreu Gómez is the author of *Héroes Mayas*, *Cuentos de Juan Píruero*, and *Quetzalcoatl*.



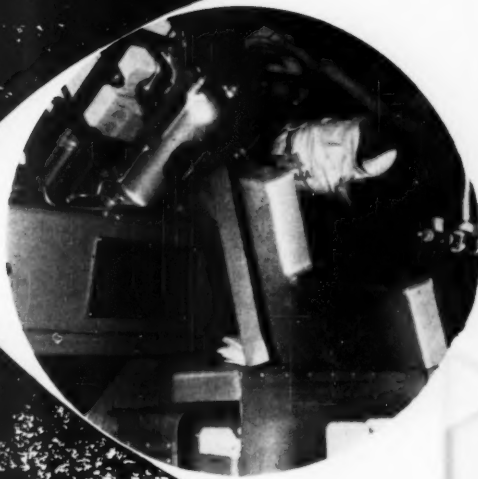
"Surinam" is newspaperman LOUIS BRUYN'S beat. In his article he introduces Paramaribo, the capital of the Dutch colony—where he lives—as well as the little-known interior, describing life in a region seldom heard from in the outside world. As former assistant editor-in-chief of Surinam's now defunct *Reveille*, he is well qualified to write on his country. Secretary General of the recently established Bolivarian Society of Surinam and former secretary of the Venezuelan Consulate in Paramaribo, Mr. Bruyns has been able to observe the mutual benefits accruing from this Old World colony's intercourse with its independent neighbors. He is an accomplished linguist and has just presented a series of American history lectures for the Surinam Ministry of Education.

SALOMÉ MANDEL, who gives us a French view of Detroit and its first two hundred and fifty years, in "From Cadillac to Ford," was born of French parents in Russia. She graduated from the University of Paris and began her career not as a journalist but as a violinist. During World War II she worked for O.W.I. in New York and London and for the B.B.C. She is now a Washington correspondent for the French Broadcasting System and the newspaper *Le Progrès* of Lyon and does free-lance writing for other French publications.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.



PARTNERS IN PROGRESS

Report on novel private plan to help Venezuela produce
more goods in greater variety

Scott Seegers

WHEN SETTING OUT to raise the standard of living of a whole nation, there's nothing quite so useful as having good intentions, lots of money, enthusiasm for the project, and influential friends. Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, an ex-Assistant Secretary of State, ex-Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and presently head of the International Basic Economy Corporation and the American International Association, is happily endowed with all of these desirable attributes.

The organizations, called by their initials, IBEC and AIA, are carrying out wide-scale improvements in Brazil, Ecuador, and Venezuela. They form a uniquely schizoid type of enterprise, dedicated equally to the capitalistic shibboleth that an investment must show a reasonable profit and to the stern Baptist conviction that the underprivileged must be helped, no matter what the cost. Like the duck-billed platypus, they reconcile their fundamental

contradictions with apparent ease, and if one project runs into red ink, another returns a profit.

The projects, which cover almost every phase of human existence, from teaching children their ABC's to rebuilding an entire region devastated by an earthquake, operate in a maze of affiliated and subsidiary corporations that baffles the ordinary non-corporate beholder, but through which the organization's personnel seems to shuttle without inconvenience.

Bringing a better life to the underprivileged may seem simple, but it isn't. One cannot merely hand over money or materials, and within a few months expect to see a better-fed, better-housed, more alert and progressive population. The problems of general health, diet, literacy, soil conservation, and animal husbandry interlock tightly enough to insure that progress will be slow at best. To this, add the tremendous inertia of tradition, and you

have a combination guaranteed to gray the hair and frazzle the nerves of the efficient, go-getting type of technical specialist the United States turns out in such quantities.

Apply the combination to almost every crop and every tradition-rooted custom in a given region, and some idea of the enormous complexity of the job begins to emerge. Changing the eating habits of any people is one of the hardest tasks imaginable, and yet in many sections, inadequate diet keeps health and energy at a low level. If the people of one section have always eaten mostly corn, beans, cheese, and coffee, they will be hard to sell on even the most luxuriant eggplants, tomatoes, carrots, and spinach. If their children drink little milk and never heard of a toothbrush, it's a safe bet that weak, calcium-starved bones and cavity-ridden teeth will be with them for some time after the health campaign starts.

And if few of the people can read, getting the ideas across to them is just that much harder. The Rockefeller corporations had picked no bed of roses. Since there were no tried and true formulae for raising standards of living in the mass, they have had to evolve their own approach. The first step is a serious, infinitely detailed study of what seems to be needed in a given village or region, and what seems to be the best way of supplying the lack. Then, long discussion with local people to bring out any flaws in the tentative plan. Then a deep breath, a short prayer, and the plunge, with all fingers crossed. When the project works, the corporation enlarges it slowly and cautiously, to spread the benefits. When it doesn't, they back up and go at it from another angle.

In Venezuela, where the IBEC operates as the Venezuelan Basic Economy Corporation (VBEC) and where this reporter had an intimate look at a number of its and AIA's projects, the corporations were lucky in several ways. First of all, the Venezuelans are especially conditioned to progress. Since the dictator Juan Vicente Gómez died sixteen years ago, the nation, in an intense effort to make up for three decades of absolute stagnation imposed by him, has built a school system faster than any other American country. Eager to catch up with the rest of the world, Venezuela brought in teachers and technicians from Puerto Rico, Germany, France, the United States, Switzerland, and anywhere else it could find men and women with useful knowledge. So when the Rockefeller outfits began operation in 1947, they found a nation with a thirst for new things, and with no nationalistic prejudice against learning from foreigners.

They also found others willing to plunge with them, notably the U.S., British, and Dutch oil companies and the oil-rich Venezuelan Government, one of the most solvent combinations anywhere.

But they also found special disadvantages. Venezuela, unbelievably rich in oil and iron, has one of the highest per capita government incomes on earth, but provides only the scantiest living for two-thirds of her people. In an area slightly bigger than Texas and Oklahoma combined, four million Venezuelans have elbow room and to spare. While tens of thousands of square miles of



Local train picks up 1,700 quarts of milk produced daily on Bolivar Hacienda, which is trying to improve herd quality by crossbreeding



AIA jeeps scout tract of land to be put under cultivation in Venezuela

Landing day's catch on Margarita Island. VBEC fishing project lost money



Freshly caulked hull of typical Margarita Island fishing boat. VBEC project modernized island's best boatyard





Packaging ice cream at VBEC plant near Valencia, Venezuela. The girls are DP's from Central Europe



IBEC bigwigs repair clogged sewer line at Chirgua farm in Sunday emergency

Daniel Mercado and his mother in front of the modest house they vastly improved under CBR guidance



good land lie idle, the country imports a round hundred million dollars' worth of food every year. The good wages and special benefits of employment in the oil industry and the glitter of city life lure from the land men who might be producing food. Customs duties are high, and profits are even higher, resulting in a dizzy scale of prices that has no counterpart. This makes things tough for any worker not sheltered by the special provisions of the oil companies.

Rockefeller's Venezuelan projects are loosely divided into three categories: those with a good chance of showing a profit in a fairly short time; those in which the risk is considerable and the black-ink stage likely to be well in the future; and those that will return a profit only in the human terms of a healthier, more intelligent nation a generation hence.

Generally speaking, subsidiary corporations of the VBEC, sometimes with government or oil company help and sometimes not, finance the first two categories. Once the risk stage is past, Venezuelan private capital is invited to buy stock, and when the project has finally reached the happy plateau of regular dividends, be it in ten months or ten years, it is the VBEC plan to sell all its stock to local capital.

The third category falls more to the province of the AIA, with its fistful of alphabetical subsidiaries. Chief of these are the CIDEA (*Consejo Interamericano de Educación Alimenticia*) and CBR (*Consejo de Bienestar Rural*). Their long-range programs of hygiene and education are largely financed by the government or the oil companies, neither of which is primarily concerned with next year's balance sheet on a church roof or a community center.

Inevitably, some of the projects have stirred displeasure among local businessmen accustomed to their tidy 30 per cent or 40 per cent net profit on any investment. For example, as fearsome as food prices have always been in Caracas, they were, if anything, worse in the oily, unplanted environs of Maracaibo. When the VBEC planned a huge, air-conditioned, chromium-plated supermarket complete with soda fountain in the oil-producing center, certain gentlemen who had grown rich on high-priced groceries wailed bitterly. But the opening of the Maracaibo supermarket saw a spontaneous celebration second only to New Year's. On approximately an acre of floor space the bemused customers wandered among spotless displays of meat, canned goods, frozen food, and fresh vegetables in more variety and at lower prices than they had ever dreamed possible. Next day all local merchants' prices dropped into line. The supermarket was a sociological and a financial success from the start. A second one is now operating in Caracas, another in Valencia, and more are planned for other cities. The supermarkets also include storage units which guarantee a steady supply of local fresh vegetables.

Another success was chalked up by the milk-processing plant near Valencia, about a hundred miles from Caracas. Between the two major cities, which are linked by a good paved highway, lie more than a dozen towns and the important city of Maracay, all of which depended for



Panoramic view of Granja No. 1 at Dos Caminos, Venezuela, VBEC poultry-project farm

milk on the vagaries of small dairy farmers who squeezed what they could from the reluctant udders of the stringy native cattle, and peddled it by the dipperful from five-gallon tins carried by mules. In the three months of dry season milk was scarce, and the farmers charged what they liked. During the rest of the year prices dropped, and much of the milk soured before it reached the market. The system was as unsanitary as it was uncertain.

With \$300,000 (Bs. 1,000,000) of VBEC and Venezuelan private capital, VBEC built a small, modern dairy plant, with pasteurizing and packaging equipment, as well as modern cooling and storage facilities. Departments for making ice cream and cottage cheese were also installed. Soon the sanitary waxed paper cartons of fresh, clean milk were being delivered by refrigerated truck on a regular run all the way to the capital. The milk cost no more than that haphazardly produced under the old system. The demand grew. By means of a guaranteed fair year-round price for milk, the company induced dairy farmers of the region to invest money in improving their stock and pastures. Soon sixty farmers were selling

Nelson A. Rockefeller, who launched development programs in Venezuela, Ecuador, and Brazil



all their milk to the plant, which had to expand its capacity from 7,500 to 30,000 quarts daily within the first year of operation. A few weeks ago a similar 30,000-quart plant was opened in Maracaibo.

A more ambitious venture which now seems sure of success is the big experimental farm in the Chirgua Valley, on land once owned by Bolívar. In 1943 VBEC, in partnership with the government-backed *Corporación de Fomento*, bought two abandoned coffee plantations totaling about one thousand acres.

Up to then, the people remaining in the valley had regular work only during the two-month coffee harvest. The rest of the time they spent in subsistence farming. Without a nearby market, there was no point in raising big crops. VBEC technicians brought in tractors and cultivators, cleared the land and planted it to potatoes, beans, corn, and onions. They devoted several acres to chickens, gave their employees year-round jobs, offered them seven days' pay per week if they showed up for six days' work. They cleaned up one of the old hacienda buildings and made a primary school of it. CBR and CIDEA brought in teachers and nurses, established a farm machinery center for cooperative work and instruction at nearby Guacará, and the valley began to echo with the sounds of mechanized progress.

The people learned and the crops responded. Venezuela's average yield for beans is about 668 pounds an acre. Carressed by cultivation and fertilizer, Chirgua's acres turned out a neat 900 pounds each. *Venezolanos* like onions, paying three bolívares per kilo (approximately 42 cents per pound) for the five tons imported in a normal year. Despite the heavy capital investment, VBEC's marketing experts found that Chirgua onions could retail at around 2.47 bolívares and still keep the company auditors appeased.

A good part of the crops were also experimental plantings, to find out what types of seed did best under local conditions, and what hybrids might be developed to do better. The corn crop, which covered half the Chirgua planting, developed a hybrid corn-husker. This type of corn, to repel beetles, parrots, and other grain-hungry parasites, has a husk so tight that it also repelled the best efforts of U.S.-built mechanical corn-huskers. The manufacturers rushed to completion a more determined model in time to save the valuable crop.

In addition to Chirgua, VBEC operates three other farms, a big cattle ranch called Central Bolívar, south of Lake Maracaibo, Agua Blanca, in the vast llanos, and a poultry farm near Caracas that sells three thousand chickens a month in the capital.

Naturally, not all the Rockefeller projects could be expected to do so handsomely by their entrepreneurs. The most resounding flop to date has been the fish-production program. The Caribbean teems with edible fish, but like most other foods, fish is scarce and expensive in Venezuelan cities. Traditionally, the Venezuelan fisherman puts to sea in a graceful little sailboat that is both too small for a quantity catch and too leisurely for a scheduled operation. Instead of hauling in

(Continued on page 46)



raconteurs of the conquest

Enrique Anderson Imbert

ONCE THE NEW WORLD was discovered, the Spaniards penetrated unknown mountains, rivers, forests, deserts, and seas, everywhere laying foundations for the Spanish Empire. Within a few years they explored the Antilles, named the Pacific Ocean and the Río de la Plata, took possession of Mexico and Peru, worked their way from Florida to California, fought with the Araucanian Indians in Chile, founded cities north and south in the Viceroyalty of New Granada [now Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela], colonized Argentina and Paraguay, sailed up the Amazon. . . . Meanwhile the Catholic Kings—first Charles V and then Philip II—wanted to know “punctually and at length” what was happening in the conquered lands. They asked for chronicles. Soldiers and missionaries therefore turned chroniclers. Their letters and reports on the conquest did not pretend to be literature, but some were so personal that they have always been considered literature. Columbus, Las Casas, Oviedo, Cortés, Bernal Díaz, Quesada, Cieza de León, Castellanos, Ercilla, the Inca Garcilaso, Acosta, and about fifty others have left documents not only describing the sixteenth century, but giving an insight into their own personalities.

The historian is concerned with the chronicles’ objective truth, and his opinion depends on the amount of useful information they provide for reconstructing the past. From the esthetic point of view, on the other hand, the attraction of those testimonies lies precisely in their subjective approach. Even errors, lies, hallucinations, ignorance, and confusion take on poetic virtue—and therefore become valid—if they disclose what was happening in the writers’ lives at the moment, the peephole through which they looked at the world, the standard of values by which they judged what they saw, their way of grasping reality, their strength or lack of character. . . . In other words, besides telling of extraordinary events, the chronicles show us extraordinary human beings. Thanks to this personal element, we can understand the differences between the various men and trace the profile of their minds.

Christopher Columbus (1451-1506)

In Spanish prose learned in Portugal, the Genoese Christopher Columbus began clumsily to describe what he saw. But it was hardly America: he thought he was sailing close to Asia; besides, the lust for gold blinded him. He must have felt disillusioned about his own discovery—unimportant islands peopled by naked men. And although for propaganda purposes he tried to seem enthusiastic, he could appreciate neither the landscape nor the men of America.

Reading Columbus’ account, Europeans confirmed old utopian dreams and substantiated two great Renaissance themes: natural man, happy and virtuous, and nature, exuberant as paradise. Yet even in Columbus’ most vivid passages, there was no direct vision of America, but a reflection of literary traditions, like the image of clouds in a quiet lake. Columbus was driven by the explorer’s impulse of Renaissance man, but his mind bore a

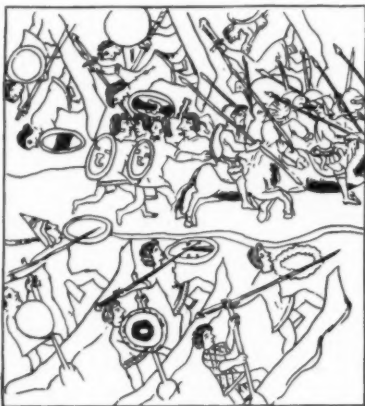


Columbus and his men hear Mass on Jamaica, 1494. The Discoverer describes the islands he found:

"Its lands [Cuba's] are high, and there are many sierras and mountains . . . all beautiful, of a thousand forms, and all traversible, and full of a thousand kinds of trees, high and seeming to touch the sky, and I take it that they never lose their leaves, . . . for I saw them as green and lovely as during May in Spain, and some were full of flowers, and some had fruit on them, and some were at other stages, . . . and the nightingale and a thousand other kinds of birds were singing in the month of November there where I was. . . .

"Española is wonderful; the sierras, and the mountains, and the lowlands, and the plains, and the land so lovely and rich for planting and sowing, for raising livestock of all kinds, for the buildings of towns and villages. . . .

"Many [trees] have various kinds of branches, and all from one trunk, and one branch is of one type, and another of another, and so deformed that it is the greatest marvel of the world. How different they are from one another! For example, one branch had leaves like those of sugar cane and another like those of the mastic tree; on a single tree there would be five or six such types, and all so different. . . ."—From *Diario de Viaje* and *Carta del Descubrimiento*



Bernal Díaz del Castillo narrates the conquest of Mexico, citing heroes of old romances:

"We fought very well; but they were so strong and had so many squadrons, which relieved one another at intervals, that even if ten thousand Trojan Hectors and as many Rolands had been there they could not have broken through; for although I know how it happened, and we saw this stubbornness in the battle, I admit that I do not know how to describe it. . . .

"We were all astonished, and we said that those towers, temples, lakes, were like the enchantments told of in the stories of Amadis. . . ."—From *Verdadera Historia de la Conquista de Nueva España*

medieval stamp. Although he was no scholar, a whole literature of real or imaginary voyages, of popular myths, ballads, and stories pervaded his mind, coloring his impressions of America. Nature became a garden; the bird of the Antilles, a Provençal nightingale; even man was romantically portrayed as a noble and wondrous creature. For Columbus, the horizon always trembled with the promise of an earthly paradise or the kingdom of the Amazons.

Also, the constant comparison with Europe clouded his perception of America's individuality; and language limitations led him to classify new objects in European categories. But Columbus observed details. Reading his journals today, we still derive the same esthetic pleasure that always stems from accounts of something remote and astonishing. Accompanying him in our imagination, we glimpse flashes of style in those disjointed notes on the beautiful nudity of the Indians, the meekness of their gestures and their laughter, the warm air of the green islands, and the diminutive life of cricket or weed.

Bartolomé de Las Casas (1474-1566)

During his long and hectic life this rebellious Andalusian defended the principle that the Indians must only be converted peacefully, and that those who had robbed and enslaved them must return their possessions to save their own souls. At the same time the pen of Las Casas produced some of the most penetrating pictures and portraits of that era. He was not a writer; he was an apostle who wrote. And although his prose runs on like a broad and endless river, meandering and tiresome, every so often a clever phrase bobs to the surface. The heat with which he describes the Spaniards' crimes, the finesse of his irony when he removes greed's hypocritical Christian mask, his verbal attack on other chroniclers and doctrinaires, his wise association of the physical with the psychological in his portraits—all reveal Las Casas' skill with words.

His roots were planted in the soil of the City of God; from it he absorbed the moral principles for interpreting what he saw in America. His attitude was radical. He was against war, against all wars; and almost against the world, since the world is violent and greedy. Though morally superior to his compatriots in America, he was not above putting himself on their level and enjoying their jokes. He was there, watching and listening to those men who were propelled by ambition, faith, rebellion, and a passion for power, adventure, glory, knowledge. And he understood them very well, even their less spiritual side. He probed their consciences (which accounts for the psychological tone in many of his pages), and laid bare their egoism with a certain playful malice. In portraying them, he often reduced their heroic stature. Hernán Cortés, for example, Las Casas described as "humble and meek" before the servants of Velázquez, and later laughed cynically at his plunderings as a "gentleman pirate." Or, if painting them as heroes, Las Casas stressed their ferociousness, as in the excellent portrayal of the small, quick, and reckless Alonso de Hojeda, who had never seen his own blood. Las Casas

was also aware of the physical charm of those men. Remembering the sight of young Grijalva carrying sheets of gold to an Indian chief, the chronicler called the gold "worthy of beholding Grijalva's beauty."

A skilled storyteller, Las Casas noted the subject's voice, height, chastity, how well he played the guitar, the headaches that interfered with his study, the way he curled his hair, his laugh, his glance, the shape of his head. . . .

Indignation inspired his sermons, which were not his best writings. But it also inspired his adventure stories, in which the Spaniards were the villains and the Indians "people of the Golden Age, which was so highly praised by poets and historians." In these tales we find the real literary legacy.

Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo (1478-1557)

While others were rediscovering ancient cultures in Europe, Oviedo discovered in America new experiences in a new natural environment. Instead of the humanistic historical approach of his time, he preferred accounts based on direct observation. "I do not write on the authority of any historian or poet," he said, "but as an eye witness." He considered the New World "one of the things most worthy of being known." "Consider," he said to Charles V, "only the novelty of what I am trying to say." That "novelty" was not American geography, but the philosophical meaning that Oviedo gave to the discovery for the first time. In his *Sumario de la natural historia de las Indias* (1526), he described the non-European, the peculiar aspects "of nature's secrets and products" in the newly explored lands. A man of the Renaissance, but of the Spanish Renaissance, a Catholic who preserved medieval traditions, Oviedo gave us a tranquil vision of the universe: God, nature, and man are part of an intelligible system. We learn about God by studying nature; nature invites us, then, to a higher spiritual life, of which God has made us capable. And since New World nature was unknown, to study it was to complete our knowledge of God.

The *Sumario* was expanded in the *Historia general y natural de las Indias* (1526-1549) into an interpretation which, departing from the subject of nature, was an attempt to justify the imperial policies of Charles V. God had chosen the Spaniards to establish a universal Catholic monarchy. Oviedo recognized the greed of the conquerors, but considered it incidental. On the other hand, the defects he saw in the Indians seemed basic. The Indians were shadows of Satan and must be exterminated. "Who doubts," he said, "that gunpowder used against the infidels is incense for the Lord?" The Indians were men, not beasts; but so vicious, vile, cowardly, degenerate, superstitious, ungrateful, deceitful, lazy, and stupid that they must be treated as beasts. They had brought on their own destruction by showing themselves incapable of fitting into the Catholic empire of Charles V. When Las Casas accused Oviedo of speaking of what he had not seen, he was really referring to his scorn for the Indian. The fact is that no one really saw

(Continued on page 42)



Battle between Spaniards and Indians. Oviedo on the problems of a historian:

"Let truth come before everything else, and each man speak it and practice it to the best of his knowledge and understanding. . . . But as some men have much greater understanding than others, it is not strange that they should vary in their statements and even in their actions, especially in cases of similar events, where individual purposes, tastes, and interests caused those discrepancies in the information some men have given me on things I have not seen. And as only God knows and can understand everyone, I as a man could be deceived, or not so well informed about the matter as I should be; but listening to many, I am gradually learning some of the errors, and so I am, and shall go on, making corrections where it seems advisable to clear up what was doubtful or what wandered from the true path. . . . And the reader should not conclude that one gainsays the other, because men, just as they vary in their judgments and their intelligence, likewise look at things and understand them and report them differently, although they all come to the same general conclusion, and at times they even absolutely contradict themselves on many matters. . . ."—From *Historia General y Natural de las Indias*



Las Casas tells a story:

"In those days this curious incident occurred: a group of unhappy and desperate Indians, leaving the house or farm or mines of a certain Spaniard who had charge of them, were all determined to hang themselves when they arrived at their village. Realizing their intentions, the Spaniard ran after them and, with much slyness, as they were already preparing their nooses, said to them: 'Find me a good noose, as I want to hang with you, because if you hang yourselves, why should I want to live here without you, since you provide me with food and obtain gold for me? I want to go along with you so as not to lose what you give me.' The Indians, believing that even in death they would not be able to get rid of him, that he would command them and wear them out in the other life, agreed not to kill themselves but to remain for the time being. . . ."—From *Historia de las Indias*

watch your language

It's all Spanish, but differs from country to country



N. Pelham Wright

EVERYONE HAS HEARD the post-prandial, and possibly apocryphal, story about the well-intentioned Guatemalan who was thrown out of a Havana restaurant for using insulting language when he thought he was ordering a slice of pawpaw. Or the one about the Mexican and Chilean diplomats who fought a duel over what turned out to be a basic difference in meaning of a word common to their two vocabularies. Both are typical incidents born of the vagaries of the Spanish in use between California and Patagonia.

Most people familiar with more than one country of Spanish America speedily discover that expressions used in one may not be current or perhaps carry a totally different connotation in others. Thus words one "simply must not use" in country A may be quite innocuous in country B. If you would avoid offending, then, in the Spanish-speaking countries of America, choose your words with circumspection:

It almost seems as if some diabolical force were at work to confuse the newcomer. Why, for example, should that ubiquitous figure in all Spanish American countries, the bootblack, be called a *limpiabotas* all over the North,

an *embolador* in Colombia, a *lustrador* or *lustrabotas* in the South, and doubtless other variations in between? For that matter, why on earth should the first words of a telephone conversation vary in almost every country? On picking up the receiver in Mexico, one normally answers with a questioning "*¿Bueno?*" or possibly "*¿Quién habla?*" In Colombia the formula invariably is "*¿A ver?*" In Central America and parts of Chile it is usually "*Halo*"; in Argentina, "*Hola*"; and in Peru and Uruguay, "*Olé*", as if one were at the bullfight. And why should the lavatory be tagged with so many different names? We have encountered *retrete*, *excusado*, *toilette*, *W.C.*, *baño*—even *letrina*, *mingitorio*, and *inodoro*, and most of these terms appear to be allocated on a national basis.

How did the noble language of Castile become so diversified in something less than 450 years? Basically, the factors universally responsible for the formation of dialects are at play here, even though no form of Spanish spoken in America can be termed a dialect of Castilian. The similarity is too close, and, in any case, we are concerned here with regional vocabularies, intonations,

and expressions, rather than with structure.

The profusion of dialects in a small, relatively old, highly-developed country like England is surprising considering the long-established and perfectly adequate communications system and the lack of isolation, which make for standardization rather than divergence of speech. In Latin America, however, the isolation of communities—and the enormous distances between—until recently created ideal conditions for a generally increasing divergence of spoken Spanish. This tendency was accentuated in some regions by the numerous Indian languages, for many Indian nouns (mainly generic names) have of course been absorbed into the vocabularies of some parts of the continent.

But the divergence of speech has not marched with national frontiers. There may well be a standard form of Spanish spoken by everyone in a small country like El Salvador (the only difference there being one of educational levels), but this does not apply to lands like Mexico, Argentina, or Colombia. In Mexico intonation and cadence largely depend on the proportion of Indian blood in the speaker; the average *porteño* or portdweller of Buenos Aires certainly does not talk like the provincial *catamarqueño*; the same contrast applies to the *bogotano*, 3,000 feet up in the Andes, and the denizen of Cartagena, that sweltering old city down on Colombia's Caribbean coast. Bogotá claims to speak the "purest" Spanish in America, while Cartagena's so-called *costeño* speech must be frankly termed lazy and slipshod. Climate definitely influences speech in any part of the world, and Spanish America's great climatic contrasts have certainly left their mark.

Of late, improvement in national and international communications and the reduction of distances by airplane and radio should logically bring with them a brake to regionalism in speech. There is reason to believe that this is now beginning in Spanish America, though the evolution will certainly be slow and labored. The word "television" will without doubt be *televisión* in every Spanish-speaking country; yet when not many decades ago such commodities as rubber tires, refrigerators, and gasoline became part of the Spanish vocabulary, there was apparently no attempt whatever at standardization. So for tires we now have, variously, *gomas* or *neumáticos* in the River Plate countries; *llantas* in Mexico, Peru, and Chile; *cubiertas*, also in Chile; and *cauchos* in Venezuela. The general term *refrigeradores* becomes *neveras* in Colombia, *heladeras* in Argentina, and *frigidaires* in Uruguay. And *gasolina*, in the North and in Peru, is *nafta* in Venezuela and the River Plate countries, and *benzina* in Chile. Similarly, the various designations for automobiles, trucks, streetcars, buses, and horse-drawn carts are extremely confusing. Just why all this happened seems worth investigating.

For the etymologist, at least, the majority of differences in vocabulary and expression have come about naturally and explicable, and do not look like conscious attempts to be different. They seem to fall into a number of categories.

First, there are the expressions and vocabulary im-

planted at the outset from some particular region of Spain, which have become an inherent part of the speech of a geographically isolated region. If we go right back to the conquest, we find, for example, that a high percentage of the followers of Hernán Cortés were men from Andalucía, so the Spanish first heard in Mexico and parts of Central America must have had a strong sixteenth-century Andalusian tincture. On the other hand, the colonists of Veragua—now Costa Rica—hailed almost entirely from Galicia. Isthmus geography obliged these *gallegos* and their descendants to live in isolation during the whole colonial period (and, indeed, after it ended). As the *gallego* speech is very different from that of other regions of Spain (even considered a dialect by some), it is logical that Costa Rican Spanish contains many strictly local words and expressions. In fact, about half a century ago, a fat dictionary of purely Costa Rican idioms and vocabulary was published. The same thing also applies to Argentina. There is no doubt, then, that in the sixteenth century the regional origins of the first Spaniards to reach America insured a basic divergence of speech among the different groups of settlers all over the continent, though the contrasts may have been less strong at the outset than in Mexico and Costa Rica.

Secondly, some words and expressions have evolved naturally since the conquest, as happens in any living language, but have remained regional owing to lack of easy communication with neighboring areas. The informal modes of address, which vary a good deal from country to country, can presumably fall under either of these headings. For example, Mexico uses the *tú* form and looks down her nose at *vos*; next door in Guatemala—and in Argentina, at the other end of the continent—this *vos* is widely used, with a more or less corrupted verb form. It is these combinations that are so difficult for foreigners to grasp.

Thirdly, words of foreign origin and other influences from abroad have been adapted to local vocabularies. The most obvious examples are automobile technicalities in Mexico, where terms from the United States have been adopted instead of the Castilian equivalents. Or again, in Argentine Spanish, an Italian influence crops up in pronunciation and in some words, along with others from the French (*la boîte*, *el placard*, *el chalet*, *el garage* with soft second *g*), and from the English (*el living*, *el bife*, *la broadcasting*, *el ice-cream*, and so on). Uruguay seems to have adopted a few of her own—notably *la whiskería* to signify a bar or drinking place.

Finally, the names of animals, birds, plants, fruits, vegetables, implements, and so on, taken from Indian languages that were themselves regionally limited. This is particularly noticeable in Mexico, Central America, Peru, and Paraguay, and all areas where Indians of a high cultural level were encountered by the Spaniards. The Aztecs of Mexico and the Guaranís of Paraguay, to mention only two civilizations, knew the most about natural history—more so, in fact, than the whites who supplanted them. The conquistadors and colonists, meeting for the first time a fauna and flora unknown to them, understandably adopted many Aztec and Guaraní names

to describe nature. Some are now used in areas wider than those inhabited by the people who gave them. Aztec terminology is found all over Mexico and through much of Central America. The black and turkey vultures (usually wrongly called "buzzards" in English) are *zopilotes* (from the Aztec *tsopilotl*) as far south as Panama, becoming *gallinazos* when one reaches Colombia. The Guaraní word *ñandú*, meaning the South American ostrich or rhea, is used today as far south as Patagonia. The most interesting case we have come across is the use of the Aztec word *camote* (for the sweet potato) as far away from Mexico as Peru.

The nomenclature of natural things in Spanish America, whether Indian names are involved or not, is a nightmare both for the housewife who must buy things to eat in a new country and for the nature-lover trying to focus the fauna and flora in their proper perspective. There are doubtless excellent explanations for it all, but one cannot help puzzling over why the *papaya* of Mexico, Chile, and Central America should be *fruta de bomba* in Cuba and *mamón* in Paraguay. Why does the Mexican *chicharo* (pea) become *arveja* in Chile and Argentina, and *guisante* (the real Castilian word) only in Colombia? And the green-bean, *poroto verde* in Chile, *chaucha* in Argentina, *ejote* in Mexico, *rainita* in Peru, and *judia* (again Castilian) in Colombia? Again, why does the *aguacate* (avocado) of the North become *palta* in the South?

It is the same with flowers, and worse with fish and crustaceans. Personally we should not care to attempt to define exactly *langostas*, *langostinos*, *camarones*, *cangrejos de río*, *gambas*, or *cigalas* in any given country, but the difficulty here is intensified because the crustacea of one country are not exactly the same as those of the next. No attempt is made to relate a given name to a given type, as the Indians did, so varying species are given the same name and the same species different names.

This sort of thing is reflected right through the plant and animal worlds. In a misguided moment, we once undertook a study of the popular names for the members of the parrot tribe in Mexico and Central America. The results were chaotic. Twenty-eight species were involved, and we discovered about 90 different names for them in six republics. Two or more would have the same name in one country, different ones would have that name in the next, while still others would have five different names in one country and no name at all in the next.

The carnivorous animal we call "grison", or "tavra", has a different name in almost every country. In northern Argentina it is *hurón*, in Costa Rica *cholomuco*, and in Guatemala and parts of Mexico *perico ligero*, which in Costa Rica means the two-toed sloth. The word *comadreja*, which correctly means some form of weasel or stoat, is applied in Argentina to the Azara's opossum (*Didelphis*). The latter, in Costa Rica, is *zorro pelón* (literally, "hairless fox," which presumably applies to its bare tail), and Costa Rica's foxes are called *tigrillos*. Nearly everywhere else foxes are called *zorros* or *zorras*, and *tigrillo* normally refers to members of the cat family,

particularly the ocelot. That these confusing tendencies are not limited to Central America is proved by the fact that the hordes of Fuegian geese that have justified Tierra del Fuego's poetical title, "the land of geese and wind," are known there as *avutardas*, which, in Castilian, means the big running bird we call "bustard."

It falls to the lot of Argentina, in many ways the most advanced country of Spanish America, to be first in the development of language. In the United States, English is evolving faster than in Britain, and new words and expressions are constantly being coined to find a permanent place in the language. A fair analogy is the relation between Argentine Spanish and Castilian, and perhaps, to a lesser extent, that between Argentine Spanish and the Spanish in the rest of America. A glance at shop signs in any Argentine city illustrates what we mean. Such items as *aeromodelismo*, *oxigenoterapia*, and *microteca* (for a small display-stand for books on sale), strike us as peculiarly Argentine in concept, not to mention the little man selling soda-water in our Buenos Aires suburb, who is called *el sodero*. The most arresting Argentine advertising copy has a slickness, an agility, a striving after fresh shades of meaning and new trains of thought such as we have seen nowhere else in Spanish. Despite the airplane and the radio, the difference between British and American English seems to be increasing, and the same may perhaps be said of Argentine Spanish and *castellano* or pure *bogotano*.

Last April the First Congress of Spanish-Language Academies that met in Mexico City deliberated, among other things, on the possibilities of standardizing the Spanish spoken in America. Thus it is apparent that some thinking Latin Americans feel it is high time to do something about the chaotic state of linguistic affairs in their continent.

One project that could be expected to appeal to many people, not only to meticulous etymologists or natural history enthusiasts, but to anyone crossing a Spanish-American frontier and anxious not to *meter la pata* on the other side, would be the compilation of an exhaustive comparative dictionary of Spanish American regionalisms. But compilers for such a monumental work would be hard to come by. And one fears that the size of the tome would prevent it from accompanying many travelers across the borders.

Answers to Quiz on page 45

1. Solimões
2. El Panamá in Panama
3. British ("Bobbies" at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad)
4. Roving frames for spinning cotton and rayon
5. Forest ranger
6. Indiana
7. José Gervasio Artigas
8. Honduras
9. A coffee-processing plant
10. Ecuadorean cowhide damaged by torsalo fly disease



SURINAM

Royal palms grace main avenue in Paramaribo, Surinam's capital

Louis Brunings

NOT FAR DOWN the east coast of South America lies a big, tropical city of seventy thousand so white-columned and colonial-looking that it might be a bit of New England set down in the jungle. Roaming its streets are Hindus and Moslems, Chinese, Javanese, and Bush Negroes. Oriental food is washed down with Holland gin or beer, while the cries of the *krijebie* bird and the boom of the government cannon saluting a liner passing the fort echo through the persistent rustle of the breeze-swept tamarind trees. To the Dutch, far from home, the city doubtless has the familiar air of Amsterdam. For it is Paramaribo, capital of Dutch Guiana, or Surinam.

For most South Americans, the term "Guiana" means roughly the continent's 690,000-square-mile northeastern coastal region, lying south of the Orinoco, north of the Amazon, and east of the southern arm of the upper Orinoco. For Hollanders, it means specifically the 54,291 square miles rather appropriately sandwiched between the colonies of its European neighbors, the British and

the French. A part of America with a fantastic jumble of races and some of the Hemisphere's richest soil, Surinam is little known and underdeveloped. But today it is an awakening area whose enormous future possibilities lie in its vast stores of minerals (bauxite—the source of aluminum—platinum, gold, diamonds, cyanite, and mercury), its valuable timber, and its farm crops (rice, citrus fruits, cacao, and coffee).

Sealed off by the Dutch for centuries from intercourse with its near Latin neighbors, Surinam is presently beginning to stir, like someone who has overslept and opens the bedroom door cautiously to discover what is happening in the rest of the house. Since 1946, when Venezuela established a consulate in Paramaribo to strengthen its commercial ties with the colony, which in turn founded the Bolivarian Society of Surinam in 1950, Dutch Guiana has been taking a marked interest in the rest of America despite the wide difference in culture. Already the *entente* with Venezuela is paying dividends.

ATLANTIC OCEAN



Typical costume of the Koto Misie market women started with missionaries' "Mother Hubbards"



Below: Scars are the beauty spots of this Bush Negro belle



A Javanese in the Dutch navy takes shore leave in Surinam



Right: Javanese musician plays the gamelan in Surinam village band



In 1947, a million-florin (about \$370,000) contract providing for rice shipments from the colony to the republic was signed by the Venezuelan Banco Agrícola y Pecuario and the Surinam government. A plan is also under way for the country to supply railroad cross-ties for the *Gran Ferrocarril de los Andes* and citrus fruits to its Latin neighbor. Cut off from the United States and Holland during the war, Surinam traded with Argentina for canned and dried meats, leather, and cheese. But, until the coming of the Venezuelans, except for occasional transactions with Brazil, the colony had been a stranger to the rest of Latin America.

It is not difficult to see why. Both its geography and its history explain the origin of Surinam's isolation. Except for a coastal alluvial region extending from eighteen to fifty miles inland, inhabited and well cultivated, the rest of the country, a dense area of forests, mountains, innumerable rivers, streams, and swamps, is largely impenetrable except for occasional savannah regions in the uplands.

Originally inhabited by Carib Indians, a few of whom survive today, Surinam is said to have been visited by

a European for the first time in 1500 when Vicente Yáñez Pinzón—brother of Martín Alonso Pinzón, captain of Columbus' flagship, the *Niña*—set foot there. In the next century and a half the colony continually changed hands between the English and Dutch in the bitter struggle for colonial expansion. Finally, in 1667, through the Treaty of Breda, the Dutch won permanent control over the region in what must be called one of the most uneven real-estate deals of all time; in return for Surinam, Holland gave England New Amsterdam, or what is now New York City.

Since then the country has developed along the lines of the other colonies still existing in the Hemisphere, notably those of the English and the French, which accounts for its differences from the areas settled by the Portuguese and Spanish. Over the years, the population of Surinam has become heterogeneous. Soon after acquiring the territory, the Dutch discovered that the Caribs were not capable of working in the fields, so they brought Negro slaves from the west coast of Africa for the coffee, cacao, and sugar plantations. These soon rebelled and fled into the jungle, continually returning

to attack the settlements and kill the Dutch inhabitants. A group called *marrones* was especially successful in making life intolerable for the Europeans. In 1775, the Dutch signed a peace treaty with them that has never been broken. Today, these Bush Negroes, commonly called *Djukas*, live unmolested in the interior, gathering lumber for export. Never having succeeded in civilizing them (or the Carib, Arawak, and Oajana Indians either, for that matter), the government maintains contact with them, in the name of the Queen of Holland, through popularly elected commissioners in the various districts. A few of their forebears never mutinied, however, and became the ancestors of the present-day "town Negroes" or Creoles of Paramaribo, who accept Dutch rule and are therefore scorned by the *Djukas*. On July 1, 1863, all Surinam Negroes, then numbering about thirty-three thousand, were freed by decree of King William III.

With the Negro rebellion, the Dutch were obliged to look for other sources of labor. An unspecified number of Chinese farmers were brought to Surinam between 1853 and 1869. Then followed little-interrupted migrations of indentured British East Indians from 1873 to 1916. In all, 33,727 of these arrived. Javanese were also imported from Holland's colonies in the Far East. A total of 24,645 Indonesian contract workers arrived from the first boatload in 1890 to the last in 1937.

Although in 1947 the colony's Legislative Council blocked a proposal to bring thirty thousand Jewish displaced persons to Surinam to establish new industries, Jews have played a prominent part in the country's commercial life since 1665, when immigrants from Italy and Holland received a special grant to settle there from the colony's patron, Lord Willoughby of Parham, governor of the nearby British island of Barbados. Recent attempts to import labor have fallen through. In a 1943 experiment, one hundred families from Barbados and

Haiti were brought to Dutch Guiana for work on the Marienburg sugar plantation, the largest in the colony. Because of poor working conditions, low pay, and poor housing, the plan soon failed.

Among the country's present two hundred thousand people are about seventy thousand Negroes, forty-six thousand East Indians, thirty-four thousand Javanese, twenty-two hundred Chinese, and only two thousand Caucasians, half of whom live in the capital. It is estimated that twenty-six hundred Arawaks and Caribs remain in the interior. Time has changed their labors. Today many of the older Chinese are grocery-store operators. The younger generation of Orientals is gradually getting into teaching, office work, and the professions. The Jews are merchants and most of the Dutch are government officials.

The country is divided into seven districts: Paramaribo, Saramacca, Suriname, Marowijne, Coronie, Nickerie, and Commewijne. Nickerie, the principal agricultural region, is the breadbasket of Surinam. Like Holland, it is below sea level and is protected by dikes. It is kept irrigated and cultivable by a *polder* system similar to the one used to reclaim the Zuyder Zee in the mother country. Since 1900, when the *Saumlukreekpolder* was built, the district has attracted many settlers and made rapid progress. Today it has sixteen thousand inhabitants, a cross-section of the population. They own the property they cultivate and according to the latest figures they produce seventeen thousand tons of natural unshelled rice yearly, which the government buys at eleven centavos per kilogram, shells, and distributes.

Paramaribo, however, is undeniably the hub of the country. Tropical and humid, it is constantly cooled by northwest trade winds. Enjoying an average yearly temperature of from 73 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, its rainy season is from May to August, and its summer from

Descendants of East Indians are now one of the largest groups in Surinam's varied population

Right: Few remain of the Carib Indians, who gave their name to the Caribbean Sea

Below: Arawak Indians survive in Surinam jungles

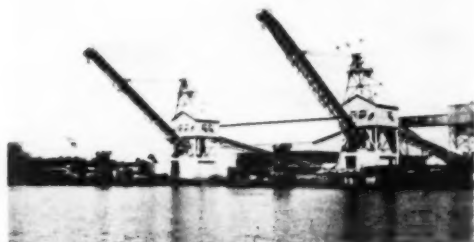


Right: Aides-de-camp of Bush Negro grand man came to Paramaribo for celebration of Queen Wilhelmina's birthday





Dutch authority is centered in these colonial government administration buildings in Paramaribo



Production of bauxite, raw material of aluminum, is a major industry. Ships can load at this plant in Paramaribo



Rivers provide chief means of communicating with jungle-matted interior

September to November. The inhabitants form distinct units. The Hindus and Moslems dress as though they had never left India and play age-old Oriental music at their weddings. *Djukas* stride about in their colorful togas. Although Dutch is the official tongue, many languages are spoken, and the colony has its own dialect, *sranang tonjo*. Difficulties arising from language can become very complex. For instance, government workers are constantly faced with the problem of how to write and pronounce correctly the Javanese, Indian, and Chinese names. Since most of the laborers from India arrived in Surinam as indentured immigrants, they were assigned numbers for purposes of identification. As a result, there are people called Ramlal Persad, son of Budhu No. 388, and Samipersad No. 800 QQ.

Paramaribo's lone radio station, *Avros*, transmits a cultural program for each ethnic group except the Chinese and the Syrians, and gay native music recorded by the Amsterdam orchestras of Lex Vervuurt, Max Woiski, and Lex van Spal blares forth from innumerable public loudspeakers. The citizenry has a choice of two afternoon papers daily, and two additional papers every second day. In an effort to spread Dutch culture, Holland has a cultural center in Paramaribo. Dutch artists are brought regularly from Europe to perform there. A fifty-six piece native orchestra presents concerts of classical music.

Most of the houses on the shady, tree-lined streets of the capital are of wood, and many have patios containing other houses or huts dating from slavery days. Queen Wilhelmina's birthday is still the occasion for the country's carnival, and the birthdays of the other members of the House of Orange are enthusiastically celebrated. Set amid gardens of riotous color, old Paramaribo suggests the grandeur of the colonial past.

So do the *Koto Misies*, the local Negresses who take their name from the colorful cotton outfits they wear. A variation of the Mother Hubbard introduced by missionaries to conceal the voluptuous charms of the native women from covetous males, the ensemble of the Koto Misie is known as a *stel*, or set, and consists of the *koto* or skirt, the bodice or *jaki*, a headgear called the *anjisa*, a shoulder scarf or *panji*, and a lengthy shawl, the *tapoe koto anjisa*. A South American version of Aunt Jemima, Koto Misies move majestically along the Combe, one of the capital's picturesque streets. They carry their heads high and proudly as a result of having had to use them to carry the various and sundry burdens of their laborious life.

Surinam is also known for two other districts—Suriname and Marowijne. Here are the bauxite mines operated by the U.S.-owned *Surinaamse Bauxiet Maatschappij* (Surinam Bauxite Company, a subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America) and the Dutch-owned Billiton Tin Company. Bauxite is to Dutch Guiana what steel is to Pittsburgh. Employing six to seven hundred workers, the Billiton Company turns out from 550,000 to 600,000 tons of bauxite a year. And in the

(Continued on page 41)

THE POET NUN

Ermilo Abreu Gómez



From a self-portrait by Sor Juana

This that you see, the false presentment planned
With finest art and all the colored shows
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose
The poor deceipts by earthly senses fanned!

Here where in constant flattery expand
Excuses for the stains that old age knows,
Pretexts against the years' advancing snows,
The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;
'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;
'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,
A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;
'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis
nought.

(Translation by Roderick Gill)

THIS YEAR MARKS THE THIRD CENTENARY of the birth of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, the greatest poet the American continent produced in the seventeenth century. She was born November 12, 1651, in San Miguel de Nepantla, a village south of Mexico City.

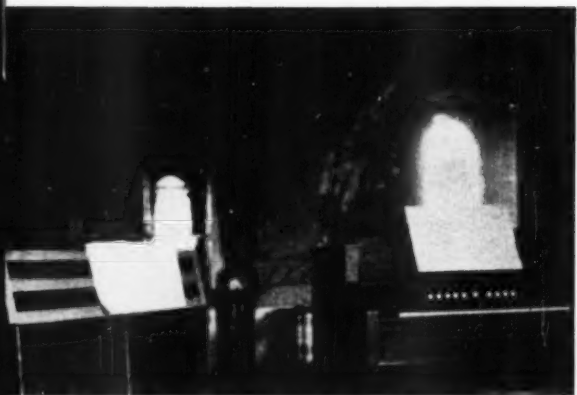
Juana Inés lived in the country, in the city, and in the convent, and the influence of all three can be seen in her character and in her literary output. In the country towns (Yacapixtla, where her mother was born; Nepantla, and Amecameca, where her father had business) she was influenced by the customs and even by the speech of the Indians and Negroes. All this shows up in her subsequent writings. Read her religious *Villancicos*, for example, and her letter to the Bishop of Puebla, Manuel Fernández de Santa Cruz y Sahagún. In the same towns she learned the rudiments of Basque from her father.

In the city—first in the home of some relatives and later in the court of the Marquis of Mancera—she widened her knowledge of languages, studying Latin and Portuguese. At Mancera's court her beauty and intelligence attracted attention in both social and academic gatherings, winning praise from those well versed in the arts and sciences.

While still an adolescent, for some inexplicable reason she abandoned the court and entered the Convent of Discalced Carmelites. Soon afterward she became seriously ill and had to return temporarily to her relatives' home. But by then she had definitely decided to withdraw from the world. So, with the help of Father Antonio Núñez de Miranda, she entered San Jerónimo Convent, where she took her vows in 1669.

Meanwhile, she began to write. There is no doubt that her work reflects a double set of experiences: personal and literary. Her writings, assembled in three volumes and published in Spain in various editions between 1689 and 1725, reveal a really amazing knowledge. Perhaps this knowledge was disorganized, as eminent scholars like Ludwig Pfandl and Karl Vossler have claimed, but it indicated that she had a vigorous, almost rationalistic mind. Her understanding of human experiences should not be taken to mean that she herself did everything she mentions or suggests, for there are actual and intuitive experiences. Both leave their imprint on the soul. Both are real.

Modern scholars (Guillermo Ramírez España, Enrique



The choir in the church of San Jerónimo as it looks today

Cervantes, Jefferson Spell) have discovered documents concerning Sor Juana's family—ancestors and collateral descendants. From some of those documents emerge two unusual facts: that the mother was illiterate and that the nun was an illegitimate child. This last contradicts Sor Juana's express statement that she was the legitimate daughter of Pedro Manuel de Asuaje and Isabel Ramírez de Santillana. It is possible either that she was unaware of having been born out of wedlock or that her parents were later legally married.

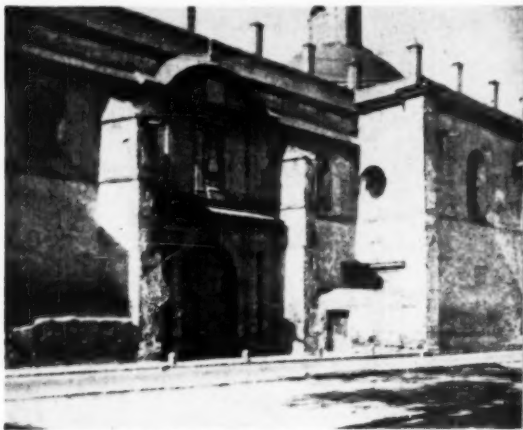
Her family on both sides was of Spanish origin. Her father's people were Basque. His surname, which has come down to us as "Asbaje," is probably a misspelling of "Asuaje." In fact, Asbaje does not appear in the biographical dictionaries or books on genealogy. On the

The town of Amecameca, often visited by Juana Inés as a child. In the background is volcano Ixtaccihuatl



other hand, Asuaje is found there. And Asuaje is the name by which the poetess is designated in various early editions of her works. Miguel de Unamuno called her Asuaje, undoubtedly with her Basque forebears in mind. Today a number of people, born or raised in the Basque provinces, bear the name Asuaje. If we remember that *u*, *b*, and *v* represented the same sound in Spanish, the error of changing Asuaje to Asbaje (and even Asbajé)—probably made in the eighteenth century, not before—is easily explained. Their use did not follow any set rules. So someone replaced the *u* with a *b* and the new spelling was perpetuated. Without too much trouble research could clarify once and for all the spelling of this surname, which we are so far inclined to establish as Asuaje.

The atmosphere in which Sor Juana grew up was by no means calm or moral. Negro and Indian rebellions—



Church and convent of San Jerónimo, where Juana Inés took her vows in 1669

almost always caused by hunger—took place in the capital and in the provinces. Life in the convents, in spite of the bishops' efforts, was disturbed more often than is generally realized by disagreements among the monks.

Sor Juana's literary work embraces almost all types (except the novel and the short story, which, for reasons the critics have not yet been able to explain satisfactorily, were not written during the Viceroyalty): secular and religious plays, studies of folklore, letters, theological discussions, and verses. All carry the unmistakable stamp of her genius. The various influences she came under—from the Italianized style of Boscán and Garcilaso to the affected witticism of Quevedo and the high-flown elegance of Góngora—did not weigh on her or interfere with her own method of expression. She drew upon all these writers with a master's touch; she toyed with their teachings, respected them when she wished, laughed at them often, and added to them the threads of her creative brilliance.

But it was in lyric poetry that she really excelled,

especially in poems about love. In fact, her fame rests on the love theme. Here she expresses an age-old problem:

*Al que ingrato me deja, busco amante;
al que amante me sigue, dejo ingrata;
constante adoro a quien mi amor maltrata;
maltrato a quien mi amor busca constante.*

*Al que trato de amor, hallo diamante,
y soy diamante al que de amor me trata;
triunfante quiero ver al que me mata,
y mato a quien me quiere ver triunfante.*

*Si a éste pago, padece mi deseo;
si ruego a aquél, mi pundonor enojo;
de entrambos modos infeliz me veo.*

*Pero yo, por mejor partido, escojo
de quien no quiero, ser violento empleo;
que de quien no me quiere, vil despojo.*



Ruins of Sor Juana's childhood home in San Miguel de Nepantla. The town is below Popocatepetl, on the edge of the Valley of Mexico

Who thankless flees me, I with love pursue,
Who loving follows me, I thankless flee;
To him who spurns my love I bend the knee,
His love who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;

I find as diamond him I yearning woo,
Myself a diamond when he yearns for me;
Who slays my love I would victorious see,
While slaying him who wills me blisses true.

To favor this one is to lose desire,
To crave that one, my virgin pride to tame;
On either hand I face a prospect dire,

Whatever path I tread, the goal the same:
To be adored by him of whom I tire,
Or else by him who scorns me brought to shame.

(Translation by Peter H. Goldsmith)

She wrote of love with all its tortures: separation, jealousy, indifference, rancor, neglect, forgetfulness, and death. Each of her poems on this subject carries the feminine touch. Some are masterpieces that rival the creations of the Golden Age Spanish poets. One of the most famous is an indictment of the opposite sex:

*Hombres necios, que acusáis
a la mujer sin razón,
sin ver que sois la ocasión
de lo mismo que culpáis. . . .*

*Combatis su resistencia
y luego, con gravedad,
decís que fué liviandad
lo que hizo la diligencia.*

*¿Qué humor puede ser
más raro
que el que, falto de consejo,
él mismo empaña el espejo
y siente que no esté claro?*

*Con el favor y el desdén
tenéis condición igual:
quejándoos si os tratan mal
burlándoos si os quieren
bien. . .*

*¿O cuál es más de culpar,
aunque cualquiera mal haga,
la que peca por la paga
o el que paga por pecar?*

*Pues ¿para qué os espantáis
de la culpa que tenéis?
Querredlas cual las hacéis
o hacredlas cual las buscáis.*

Males perverse, schooled to
condemn
Women by your witless laws,
Though forsooth you are
prime cause
Of that which you blame in
them. . . .

Their resistance you impugn,
Then maintain with gravity
That it was mere levity
Made you dare to importune.

What more elevating sight
Than of man with logic crass,
Who with hot breath fogs
the glass,
Then laments it is not bright!

Scorn and favor, favor, scorn.
What you will, result the
same,
Treat you ill, and earn your
blame,
Love you well, be left forlorn. . . .

Whose the guilt, where to begin,
Though both yield to
passion's sway
She who weakly sins for pay,
He who, strong, yet pays for
sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove
That the guilt lies at your
gate?
Either love those you create,
Or create those you can love.

(Translation by Peter H. Goldsmith)

Sor Juana's religious writings are orthodox and reveal her unwavering Catholicism, but do not by any means make her comparable to St. Theresa or any other mystic. Between St. Theresa and Sor Juana there are very specific differences. They are united by faith but separated by psychology. From infancy Sor Juana was a prodigious student, St. Theresa a miracle of devotion. Even their manner of expression seems to indicate the psychological gap between these two women. Sor Juana wrote the language of books; St. Theresa, the language of conversation.

Sor Juana has been examined by critics of diverse nationalities, and in the course of time has acquired international fame. Among those who have studied her work are Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo of Spain; Pedro Henríquez Ureña of the Dominican Republic; Dorothy Schons and Jefferson Spell of the United States; Pfandl and Vossler of Germany; and, in Mexico, José María Vigil, Alfonso Méndez Plancarte, Manuel Toussaint, Xavier Villaurrutia, Ezequiel Chávez, and Ramírez España.

At present the scholar Alfonso Méndez Plancarte is preparing an annotated edition of Sor Juana's works. Given the competence of this critic, it will undoubtedly be worthy of that remarkable woman of three hundred years ago.

FROM CADILLAC TO FORD

*Wampum belt (below festival insignia)
records first peace treaty between
Indians and Jesuit fathers*

Salomé Mandel



WHEN I TOLD MY FRIENDS that as a French correspondent I was to attend the two hundred fiftieth birthday festival of Detroit, the city founded by Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac and a handful of Frenchmen, they only shrugged their shoulders and made deprecating remarks: "You know how these commemorations are! There's no need to go there to know what it is: hubbub, merry-go-rounds, hot dogs and soft drinks in industrial quantities, official grandiloquence—all just a pretext for encouraging business."

But in Detroit I found neither confusion nor a Coney Island atmosphere. Strictly commercial publicity was rigorously banned, and the various events were conceived in a lofty spirit and carried out with scholarly accuracy and artistic taste. For once, even the official eloquence had a ring of sincerity.

There was much more to the celebration than dances and public entertainment, although they figured in the general program of festivities scheduled throughout the year. In pausing for a moment to look back on its past, the vast metropolis seemed to be taking inventory of a rich heritage in order to set its course firmly for the future.

"Detroit is in a class by itself," Michigan's Senator Homer Ferguson—a member of the celebration committee—told me the other day. To be convinced, you need only glance at the city's history. Its most striking

episodes were vividly brought to life in the parade, the climax of the big festival week, before hundreds of thousands of delighted spectators and reviewing stands filled with dignitaries from all over the country. A special place of honor was also reserved for the Ambassadors from France, the United Kingdom, and Canada, three countries closely connected with the city's saga. Detroit's history is as full of unpredictable turns of events as it is brief. (What are two hundred and fifty years, after all, compared to the two thousand that the old coquette Paris admits to, the better to hide her real age, which is lost in the long night of time?) It began under the fleur-de-lis banner of the Kings of France, continued after 1760 under the British lion, which bowed before the stars and stripes thirty-six years later. The celebration committee fashioned a sort of coat-of-arms of these three emblems and used it as the central motif in decorating the city.

On that memorable day in July 1701, when Cadillac landed on the banks of the strait between Lake Erie and Lake Huron in the so-called beaver region, he was intent on cornering the fur trade with the Indians of the area, for British competition was seriously threatening French commerce. Both a military outpost and a trading post, the *Fort Pontchartrain du Détroit* (Fort Pontchartrain of the Strait) was soon to become a center of colonization and, above all, of civilization. One of the most

moving of all the historical reconstructions in the birthday parade depicted the first appearance of the altar and the cross and the celebration of the first Mass in what was still a wilderness. Another float reminded us that family life began the following year at the settlement, with the arrival of Cadillac's wife and children and the family of his lieutenant, the Chevalier Tonty. Meanwhile, reaching beyond the enclosure of the fort, the settlers spread out through the countryside and cleared the virgin land for planting. But the little village was still dependent for its subsistence on the mother country, which was in the process of abandoning all its vast possessions.

"Sweet paradise that France forgot," wrote the Canadian poet Louis Fréchette, speaking of Louisiana. Detroit-the-dynamic was also to be a victim of this forgetfulness. Was it not part of those "few acres of snow" to which New France was reduced in the satirical and short-sighted opinion of Voltaire, who had one of the sharpest minds of all time? "The expenses of the war to keep these lands," he wrote another time, "amounted to more than they will ever be worth."

By 1689, French domain extended without interruption from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico. Marquette had made his way on foot through the future states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York. A map published in 1703 shows that, two years after Detroit's founding, scouts and missionaries had pushed into the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Nebraska, and even had

Below: The Fort Pontchartrain du Détroit in Cadillac's time and the same scene as it looks today



a very accurate idea of the Great Salt Lake. Unfortunately, official French documents of the time scarcely mention these expeditions. People in France were not interested in the outcome of such distant enterprises.

In the midst of the general indifference, there were nevertheless some far-sighted men. In 1666, the Intendant Talon, representing the king in Canada, wrote these discerning lines to Colbert, the comptroller general, expressing something very like the economic doctrine of the United States today: "If His Majesty wants to make something of Canada, he can only succeed if he takes it out of the hands of the [French] East Indies Company and makes it trade free, excluding foreigners. If, on the



President Truman spoke at Detroit festival. Here he receives invitation from Selden B. Daume, festival president (far left), Mayor Albert Cobo, and (right) Governor G. Mennen Williams

contrary, he regards this country as only a place for fur trading and for the sale of some articles exported from his kingdom, he need only leave it alone and lose it." The free trade policy would undoubtedly have met with Cadillac's full approval, for his trade rights were constantly being challenged by the concessionary company, which poisoned his existence with endless accusations and obstructions, and, when he returned one day to Quebec, threw him in prison.

Not that the father of Detroit was any model of virtue. Vain, pompous, arrogant, and cruel, but with broad vision and dreaming only of the grandeur of France—such was Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, according to the historian George W. Starck. In his book *City of Destiny*, Starck wrote that there was nothing to indicate a bright future for the little French outpost far from the Atlantic shores. Detroit was neither the seat of a powerful government nor endowed with rich natural resources, nor was it the beginning or the end of strategic communication routes. To men alone the old fort owes its unique standing in the world today. Cadillac was the first of a long line of citizens who through sheer energy forged the city on the anvil of their dreams. Undoubtedly Mr. Starck himself, a member of the anniversary committee, has many of the same qualities of those dreamers and does he paints so well. To his initiative and untiring efforts,

Detroit owes one of its most beautiful birthday presents—a superb historical museum. Planned as part of the festival, it was inaugurated at a ceremony in which Ambassador Henri Bonnet presented the city with a bust of Cadillac, a gift from the French people.

After the founder came other men, just as far-sighted, ambitious, or heroic, and we saw them file by, one after the other, in the parade: Father Gabriel Richard, who gave Detroit its first printing press, its first newspaper, and, in 1807, its first schools; Governor Lewis Cass, who fired the patriotism and imagination of the pioneers; Henry Ford, whose idea of putting the automobile within reach of all pocketbooks was to have world-wide repercussions.

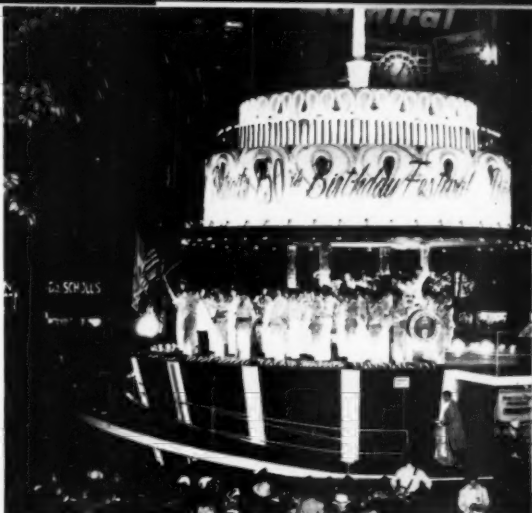
Right: Reliquary presented by
Chartres Cathedral to Huron
mission near Quebec in 1679
in return for Indian gift
of wampum belt



Left: Famed French conductor
Pierre Monteux led concert of
French music on Bastille Day

Detroit was the first to benefit from Ford's dream. With the tremendous growth of the automobile industry centered there, plus the military demands of two World Wars, the population zoomed in fifty years from some 300,000 to nearly 2,000,000 (or 3,000,000 including the suburbs). The average income of the nearly 500,000 wage earners is higher than that of workers in any other city in the country. One float commemorated this remarkable achievement with a model of the little workshop where Ford, in 1896, built his first car, and the car itself appeared on another. On the rostrum of distinguished guests, one spectator watched the little buggy go by with special amusement, for he was Charles B. King, the first man to drive a motor coach through Detroit streets. Today there are 700,000 vehicles, not counting trucks, in Wayne County alone.

The men who are still molding the face of Detroit helped sponsor the festival. Industrial leaders and firms gave financial backing. There were also labor leaders like Walter Reuther, the young president of the United Auto Workers (CIO), and honor guests like Ralph



Sixty-ninth Air Force Band plays at Detroit's 250th anniversary festival

Bunche, Nobel Peace Prize Winner and director of the UN's Department of Trusteeship Affairs—"A home town boy who made good." Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams called him. Bunche referred to what is perhaps the only blot on the city's splendid record when he recalled that during his happy childhood "Detroit was color-blind." He hopes to see the notion of color, which later slipped insidiously into the relations of fellow citizens, give way once more to the traditional spirit of brotherhood.

That this is the real Detroit tradition was apparent from a float labeled "The Underground Railroad," portraying the city in the middle of the nineteenth century as the last stop in the United States for thousands of Negro slaves secretly guided by friendly hands toward Canada and freedom. At the end of the float stood a model of the house of John Brown, who went to a less liberal region and paid for his emancipation efforts with his life. I thought of the poignant appeals in his behalf that Victor Hugo sent from his exile in Guernsey, and of Hugo's letter to Heurtelou, editor of the Haitian newspaper *Le Progrès*, after John Brown's execution. "What is certain," wrote the French poet, "is that there is but one God. Since there is but one Father, we are all brothers. It is for this truth that John Brown has died: it is for this truth that I fight. . . . In the eyes of God, all souls are white."

Detroit tradition, French tradition. In a pamphlet published in connection with the festival by Wayne University Press, we read: "In 1760 the French at Detroit were good friends of many of the Indian tribes. They understood the Red Man's ways, his likes, and dislikes. The French and Indians were partners in North America. When this partnership ended, the Indians were never again to find the white man so easy to work and live with."

Detroit, created as an outpost, in a way has never ceased to be one. In 1763, three years after it was ceded to the English, the town was besieged by the Indian

chief, Pontiac, who withdrew only after receiving confirmation from the "great white father of France" that the war with the English was really over. Under the Treaty of 1783, the British turned Detroit over to the United States. The same treaty made it a border city, separated from Canada only by a slender waterway that is now the busiest in the world, handling quantities of raw materials Detroit-bound from all over the earth, to be returned as manufactured products.

A few figures from trade records show what Detroit's industrialization has meant. In 1822, when the first public stage and the first steamboat made their appearance, the future automobile capital's only means of transportation consisted of two-wheeled carts inherited from the days of Cadillac, unserviceable in spring and fall because of the mud. By 1830 naval construction had acquired considerable proportions. Then came the sawmills. But mostly the discovery of iron ore and copper in northern Michigan in 1844 fanned the flames of nascent industry, drawing an army of immigrants to the city, even Turks, Persians, and Syrians. (Detroit, incidentally, is the only

new scientific library was laid as part of the school's general expansion plan. And through temporary or permanent projects inspired by the festival, Detroit's intellectual and artistic genius was everywhere on display.

For example, there was the exhibition entitled "The French in America," a unique collection of documents and art objects, ranging from the map on which Verazzano in 1524 traced the outline of the North American coast he had just explored for Francis I—six years before the voyage of Jacques Cartier—to the model of Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, a gift from the people of France to the United States. Organized by the Art Institute, the exposition was enriched with items lent by private individuals, museums, and churches. It is impossible to do more than mention at random a few of the treasures gathered there—a superb collection of silver brought over by the French Huguenots said to

(Continued on page 39)

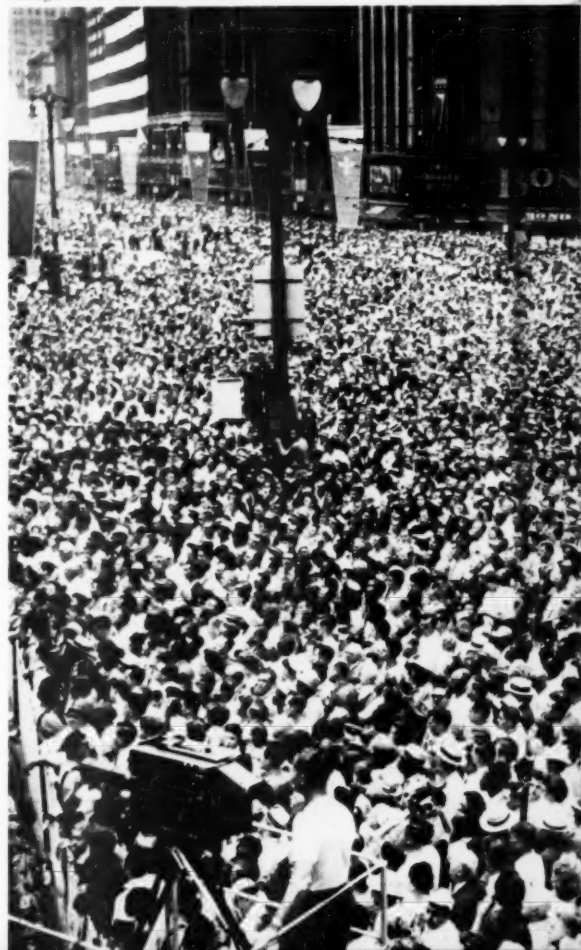
Part of huge crowds that watched big anniversary parade wind through downtown Detroit streets



Float carries model of new civic center. Construction of first unit has begun

U.S. city with a mosque.) In 1860, on the eve of the Civil War, the city was already producing more than \$600,000 worth of locomotives. But its real industrial expansion came after 1863 with the rapid development of the metallurgical and pharmaceutical industries. Today, aside from its automobile and steel plants that make it the world's leading center of heavy industry, Detroit plays an important national role with its foundries and factories manufacturing pharmaceutical products, spare parts, tools, heating equipment, and chemicals. The last industrial census in 1947 gave the figure of 4,765 plants in greater Detroit, as against 2,834 in 1939, an increase of 68 per cent, with a rise in the value of its products of \$2,910,650,000. The fantastic jump was largely due, of course, to production during the war years, when the city's industrial capacity was serving not only the United States but the allied countries as well.

In our old Europe, we are overly inclined to rigid classification. To our minds, the name Detroit conjures up only a row of factories. It rarely occurs to us that this city is also a cultural center that went on record in favor of "the right to intelligence for rich and poor alike" by means of a public school system back in 1842, when still a peaceful, inconsequential village. During the anniversary week, the cornerstone for Wayne University's



through the eyes of SEGALL

**A critical review of brilliant
Brazilian painter's work**

Sergio Milliet

THE PAINTER LASAR SEGALL was born in Vilna, Poland, in the year 1890. By 1906 he was in Germany, where his work was exhibited four years later, in Dresden. A study trip through various countries carried him as far as Brazil in 1913. He probably did not imagine then the influence this first visit to a tropical land would have on his life and work. Ten years later he returned to Brazil to stay, becoming a Brazilian citizen in 1929.

Only many years after his death, when intimate documents—letters, diaries, sketches—are published, can an artist's biography really explain his sources of inspiration and the paths he followed. Until then, his work must be judged on the content an outsider can appreciate, and that is how we must look at Lasar Segall's artistic production.

His first show in São Paulo, in the early days of modernism, showed what exotic enchantment our landscape and our people held for this artist. For some time the decorative attraction of our land's coloring dominated him, covering his Slavic melancholy with tinsel. He soon rebelled against such picturesqueness, and, with a remarkable effort, gradually fixed his eye on the essence of things, discovering their inner life, their deepest and truest meaning. Today Segall stands before us as a serious artist, free of more or less conventional pedantry or mannerisms. But the basic melancholy was accentuated and gave his work increasing serenity. This quality is



Pogrom, oil, 1947



Artist Lasar Segall



*Right: Recent
Segall woodcut*



now so dominant in his work that more than one critic has referred to his "pessimism." However, we must not confuse concentration, seriousness, reserve, and modesty with pessimism. It is all those things, and not pessimism, that Segall's canvases express. Along with them, there is a limitless poetry that justifies his statement that "the artist follows a road midway between heaven and earth." So he does; close enough to the earth not to lose the necessary contact with reality, yet far enough away to perceive what is essential in that reality.

To the poet's withdrawal from the world, which makes possible a constructive synthesis, the artist must add the observation of the peasant, who feels and understands matter. For this very reason, because he manages to keep himself between heaven and earth, Segall often passes beyond the comprehension of both men of logic and metaphysicians. To appreciate profound expression, the sort of intelligence we need is that of the heart, of sensibility. Hovering between heaven and earth, the artists are accompanied only by the children and the innocent. The metaphysicians, bound for heaven, lose sight of our miserable little world, compounded of sublime errors and incredible contradictions. The logicians stick to the ground, tied to details and appearances, looking upward only to observe the weather. Both groups lack this thing called poetry, which changes the representation of the tangible world, squeezing it as one might a fruit, to wring from it all its store of vitamins. For it is poetry that gives reality and life to everything that, without its touch, would be merely inanimate, useless, and often contemptible.

Segall has hovered thus between heaven and earth since the beginning of his career. But it has been most apparent after his repeated withdrawals to Campos do Jordão, about 140 miles from São Paulo at an altitude of 5,960 feet. One could say that, in order to integrate himself thoroughly with the tropical world, the painter had to isolate himself in the São Paulo "winter" among the pine trees studding the monotonous mountain curves. Far removed from pictorial influences or motives, Segall

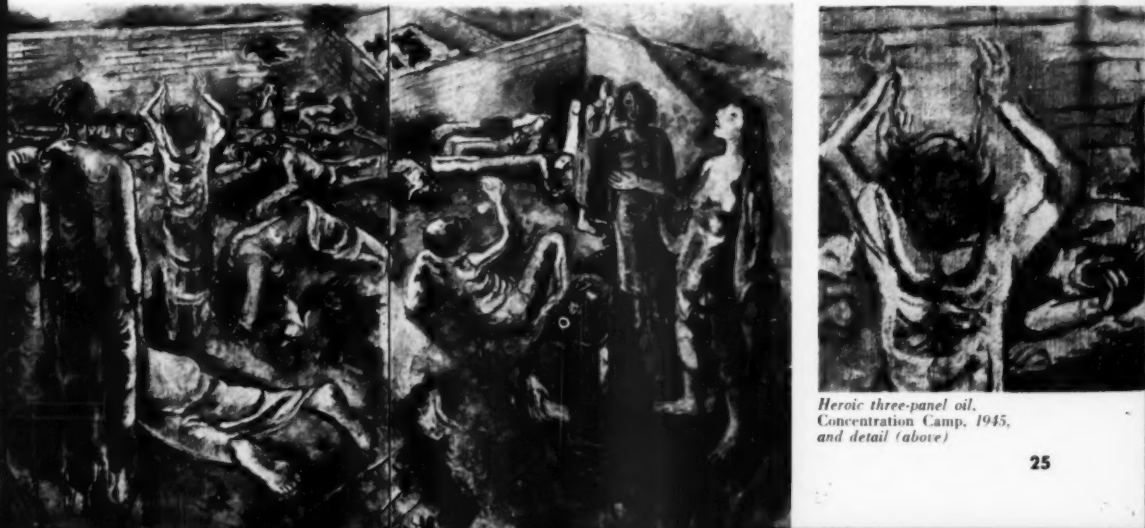
discovered the Brazilian essence of the landscape, eliminating details and sounding out its expressive possibilities. The mental operation of painting requires tranquility and solitude.

While he was going through this process of "digesting" what is Brazilian, Segall's art passed from aggressive expressionism to serene classicism. It is becoming tiresome to speak of purification, but what happened was really the essential process of stripping away, which produced an enrichment of tone and subject matter that we see in few artists today. To illustrate this phase of more substantial work, we have the figures and landscapes of the last ten years, the calm portraits we all know, the sensitive sketches of rural scenes.

In his painting, Lasar Segall combines profound realism with a very sensitive poetic perception. We see the same qualities in his sculpture. Indeed, the material itself forces the artist to an effort of construction that is always successful and gives his work a solidity rarely found in painters who also try their hand at sculpture. The remarkable thing in Lasar Segall is his unwavering faithfulness to himself. In drawing, painting, or sculpture, whatever the medium, the poet is always present, with all his emotional and artistic resources. Still, it is curious to see how the artist manages to give hard, cold granite the same sensitive and sensual quality that characterizes his whole personality.

Everything in Segall's sculpture reveals a mind capable of large syntheses and fond of related planes and volumes, in which we see the artist's eminently sensual esthetic side. Yet through it all there is that air of imponderable and penetrating poetry which is the expression of his sensibility.

As for his drawing, we have had the opportunity to appreciate it in the magnificent album *Mangue* [the name of a former red-light district in Rio de Janeiro]. Like Emile Bernard and Toulouse-Lautrec, Segall turned to an environment of misery to gather representative examples of human suffering, vice, and also poetry. The attraction of the abyss that led him to sketch the *Mangue* was the



Heroic three-panel oil,
Concentration Camp, 1945,
and detail (above)

same that led Baudelaire to the poetic treatment of the cursed caves where what Heredia called "these two divine Children: Desire and Death" meet. The spectacle of decay shocks only those who do not realize that out of it grow delicate flowers. As good gardeners, poets and artists know the value of manure and are not afraid of its smell.



One of ink drawings from Segall's album, *Mangue*

In his introduction to the *Mangue* album, Mario de Andrade calls attention to the spiritual, or we might say literary, significance of drawing in contrast to the almost exclusively sensual quality of painting. By a flattering coincidence, I said more or less the same thing in a little note on Matisse's drawings. This opinion of ours seems to stem from the familiarity we both have had with modern painting and drawing. There was a time, and not long ago, when drawing was assigned a purely constructive function. Van Gogh himself, who expressed his expansive and fiery temperament so well in drawing, criticized some sketches he received from his friend Bernard in these terms: "There is not enough construction." The real solution undoubtedly lies in a combination of both qualities: feeling and balance. It is true that at first sight feeling seems to predominate, particularly in the drawing of the impressionists, old or modern—Goya, Daumier, or Grosz. A careful examination, however, shows that construction had a vital importance of its own for those artists too. This seemingly simple problem leads us to a schematic interpretation that fills our need for dealing in precise terminology. But more careful study destroys our certainty and leaves us back where we started. After long meditation on the matter, I find myself as perplexed as before, but this does not prevent me from observing that Segall's draw-

ings could be cited as very typical illustrations of both theories. While they do not lack feeling, neither do they lack construction.

What may fool us at times is the fact that the construction does not reveal the sort of geometry we customarily frame within the pre-limited area of a canvas. It follows a different logic: it is developed in a less rigidly fixed space, and for this reason often disturbs our sense of proportion. But like Van Gogh we can easily tell when the drawing lacks construction, and we feel a sort of esthetic bliss when it achieves its full strength and passes beyond simple sketching to become a work of art.

The word "sketch" calls to mind other ideas closer to what Mario de Andrade and I have said in other writings. A simple sketch is a graphic representation that can scorn balance in order to devote itself solely to expressing feeling. But then we must make a distinction between a sketch and a drawing. A sketch may become a drawing, but a drawing is always more than just a simple sketch. In a drawing, then, something is added to a sketch, and that something may be thought of as precisely the construction to which Van Gogh referred.

In Segall's album there are both sketches and drawings. All are profoundly interesting, and some are charged with emotion. The sketches always show the poetic quality that characterizes Segall's integrity as an artist as well as his many-sided talent for tone, values, and composition, all of which make him one of the most complete artists of our times. The drawings, in turn, bring us face to face not only with his temperament and acute sensibility but also with the conscious artist in him, who knows how to extract the essence of things and to sublimate inspiration into homogeneous, solid expression, full of meaning and the power to communicate it.

Two Women, sculpture, 1936

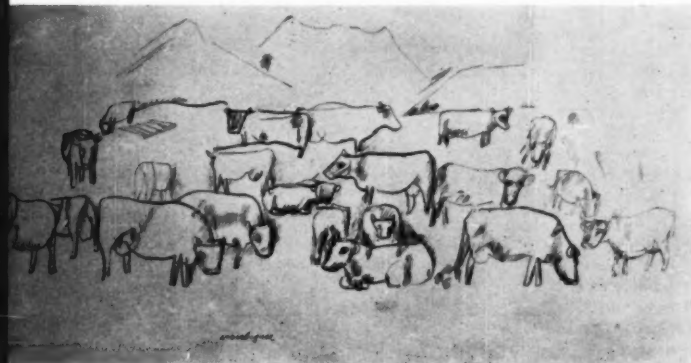


I once wrote that Segall's humanity impressed me even more than his skill. For the most part, our painters have been lacking in inner resources. Many attain a high degree of technical ability, but use it only to express their sensuality. They have little to say, for their experience of feeling does not go beyond the little tragedies of daily life. They seldom draw universal meaning from them, and in their isolation and poverty, they rarely hear the profound and sorrowful voices of the world. Their poetry, when they happen to be poets, does not go beyond a superficial and not particularly profitable lyricism, which can be expressed in a still life or mere "daub." Even the young painters, with some exceptions, are satisfied with artistic "success." Untroubled by doubts or restlessness, they follow a path leading to the sterilization of feeling, far more dangerous than the much-feared academic route. Segall, however, is highly receptive. He knows how to hear and capture all sounds, to look with penetrating eyes on souls and objects. For this reason, from his strolls through the Rio de Janeiro *Mangue*, so tenderly evoked by Manuel Bandeira in one of the introductory studies, Segall brings us a song

Segall voluntarily eschewed the easy brilliance that cloaks such subjects. In this, too, he showed himself a conscientious artist, striving for truth and not merely a little "face paint." Segall's work, unlike that of many more or less famous artists, can be "laundered." His qualities are intrinsic and do not scale off under close examination.

Jorge de Lima notes as characteristic of Segall's truth the simplification that "barely provides his figures with what is necessary." This artist is indeed a master of synthesis. Perhaps that is why he often demands so much effort on the part of the spectator; but, in compensation, it is the source of the world of suggestions and lyricism that is revealed to us when we penetrate deeper into the work. In this album of the *Mangue* every drawing is a novel, every sketch a poem.

Generally speaking, analytical minds tend to get lost in digressions and developments that, while they may be excellent, hide the basic concept, cover the heart of the matter with impenetrable rhetoric and prevent its living force from coming to the surface. Then a vague didacticism disturbs the artist's expression, transforming the



Segall pictures tranquil rural scenes, as in sketch above and painting, right

of sadness and sympathy. His album is melancholy and terrifying. It would appropriately illustrate certain pages by Charles Louis Philippe, not, as one might be apt to think, of Dostoevsky. For his drawings and sketches are full, not of bitterness or vengeful wrath, but of compassionate understanding. Certain faces sketched in sharp, quick strokes remind me of those verses of Henri Spiess:

*Tu es simple comme une bête
Tu es droite comme un couteau. . .
Les poètes qui l'ont connue
S'en vont plus graves, plus sereins. . .
Je te bénis, soeur offensée.*

You are simple as an animal
You are straight as a knife. . .
The poets who have known you
Have become more serious, more serene. . .
I bless you, offended sister.

psychologist, as it were, into a professor of psychology. Segall has the rare ability of pointing out without explaining, of revealing without demonstrating. If he analyzes, it is only to achieve a synthesis, and rhetoric never obscures his expression even faintly. Nothing that could be dispensed with ever remains in the outward form of his message. This is clear enough in his paintings, even clearer in his sculpture, and could never be denied in his drawings. Thanks to a continuous process of decanting, he has been constantly purifying himself, and in maturity he has attained a form that is crystalline without being hard, solid though transparent.

I referred in the beginning to other artists who sought themes for their art in the sordid districts, which, as Van Gogh suggested, are unfailing sources of inspiration. I was thinking of Toulouse-Lautrec, George Grosz,

(Continued on page 31)



world leaders meet

Constantine Poulos

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED youth leaders from 63 countries gathered on the beautiful and tranquil campus of Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, in August for the first World Assembly of Youth. Of many races, religions, and political beliefs, they came from all the continents of the world. Without calling on nationalistic or ideological catchwords, students, workers, farmers, social scientists, lawyers, engineers and teachers joined in looking for solutions to the problems that confront young people everywhere. They worked quietly and harmoniously, displaying a mature understanding of the dignity of the individual and of democratic give-and-take. The meeting was in sharp contrast with its Communist counterpart, the World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace, which met in East Berlin at the same time.

The World Assembly of Youth was founded in London in 1948 to coordinate the efforts of youth organizations in non-Communist nations, and has been growing steadily in size and influence ever since. It is promoting a world campaign against illiteracy, helping provide technical assistance to underdeveloped areas, and carrying on a series of projects and studies on working conditions, education, and welfare services. This summer found WAY organizing programs for displaced children in Germany, running an international camp at the Festival of Britain, obtaining reduced travel rates for young people. Recognized by the United Nations as a unique world-wide movement, WAY speaks for youth at UN



Some WAY delegates look over the new United Nations buildings on Manhattan's East Side. Left to right are: Brenda Cook and Joan Tarrant from the United Kingdom; Eduardo Faracena, Giron Pereyra, and Carlos Cifuentes of Guatemala; Captain Amant Singh of India; Albert Fowler of Guinea, West Africa; Jean Combarry of Haute Volta, West Africa; Albert F. Fayama and Marcel Douzima of Ubangi Shari; and Darrel Killen, Françoise Dony, and Dr. Ben Carruthers, representing the United Nations

headquarters, at UNESCO House in Paris, and before ECOSOC and the ILO.

At the Assembly in Ithaca strangers became friends, exchanged ideas and experiences, and got rid of misconceptions about one another. Together they discussed ways of bringing the problems of youth to the attention of public authorities, and of improving the conditions under which young people live, work, study, and play.

Secretary of State Dean Acheson assured them in a special message that such meetings as theirs would help prepare members of their generation "to build their own futures in freedom." India's Ambassador to the United States, Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, also expressed her faith in them: "I believe that you—the young people of the world—will elect to climb the mountain and watch the sunrise, and that the time will come when through tolerance and mutual cooperation a pattern of life will be formed by which each may benefit to the ultimate degree and world peace will become not only a wish but a blessed reality." They pondered seriously over Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's forecast of a hard and uncertain

future: "It will be difficult," she said, "waiting for people to grow up, waiting for the conscience of the world to catch up with the concept of human rights. . . . But it will also be a most exciting time to live, a time in which you young people may be able to bring about vitally needed changes democratically and peaceably."

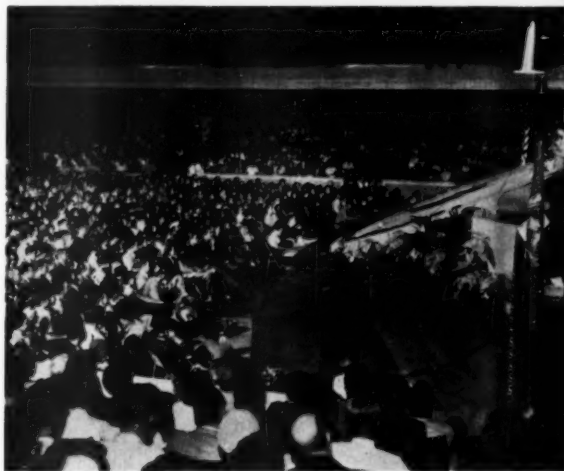
Chairman Maurice Sauve, a young Canadian lawyer now studying for a doctorate in economics at the Sorbonne, spoke for the delegates: "Young people have a physical need of believing in something and of seeing those beliefs translated into concrete actions that affect their day-to-day lives. Youths are asked to fight for freedom. Their belief in it is fundamental and they appreciate the freedoms they enjoy. However, their conception of freedom is more far-reaching than . . . the freedom of speaking their minds. Freedom to us is also the freedom to live in acceptable conditions, to perform in normal competition our respective professions or trades, to enjoy family life, a home, leisure, and above all to have access on a footing of equality to all, without discrimination of any kind, to education and culture. . . ."

In their forums and workshops the delegates took up such subjects as education, discrimination, social security, working conditions, juvenile delinquency, world citizenship, development of youth movements, problems of youth in dependent countries, immigration and emigration, and technical assistance for underdeveloped areas.

The workshop on racial discrimination offered an outstanding example of their businesslike approach. This delicate subject could easily have given rise to unproductive outbursts. But from the moment the group

countries the principles of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights were not being translated into reality, and calling on WAY to use all its influence to help remedy the situation. Toward this end it outlined a series of practical steps in the way of public pressure and education.

The workshop on juvenile delinquency brought out the complexities of this problem. Ebenezer Blavo, a Boy Scout leader from the Gold Coast, told the group that the cost of getting married is one of the main causes



Simultaneous-interpreting equipment enabled audience to listen in English, French, or Spanish at plenary sessions

of juvenile delinquency in his homeland. The groom must pay the cost of the bride's dowry and meet all the expenses of the wedding, which makes early marriage almost impossible for young men. As a result, marriage before 32 is a rarity, and the young men lead unsettled, frustrated lives, sending up the already high illegitimacy rate.

Mr. Fred Arulanandom, a delegate from Malaya, reported that there it is largely the neglect of children stemming from the practice of polygamy that leads to delinquency. A delegate from the Philippines, Roberto R. Sugang, described the ironic situation that grew out of war conditions on the Islands. During the Japanese occupation, children learned to steal in order to help their families survive. "The parents encouraged this type of theft," Mr. Sugang said, "—it was considered patriotic." The trouble was that the children did not stop after the war was over. Currently, the YMCA and other organizations are trying to restore their sense of private property and channel their energies into new fields. The number one juvenile delinquency problem in the United States at the moment was brought out by Herbert Wright when he attacked the traffickers in narcotic drugs who "are always at hand, always ready to satisfy the misguided need of some young people for a temporary relief from anxiety and stress." Among the



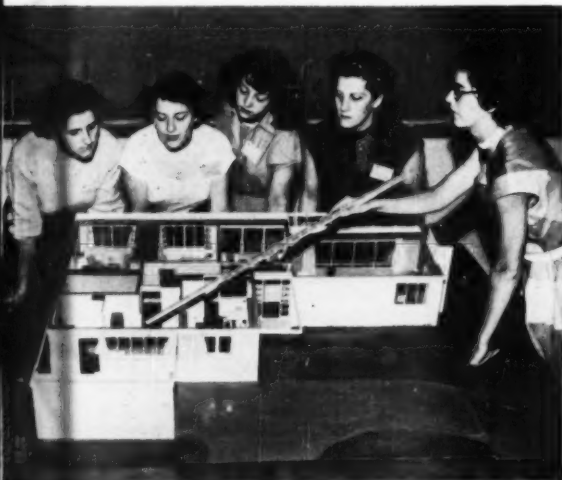
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who addressed the Assembly, poses with some of the delegates

began its deliberations a spirit of calm objectivity prevailed. Under the chairmanship of the delegate from Haute Volta, Joseph Ki, who set the tone in his sound appraisal of the problem, the workshop operated in a dispassionate atmosphere. People who had probably personally suffered from discrimination took part in the discussions and made constructive proposals, devoid of any spirit of revenge.

The workshop passed a resolution noting that in some



Visitors get a taste of U.S.-style box lunches. "Cayuga's waters" in background



Miss Ruth Robinson of Cornell's Department of Housing and Design shows some French girls a student-designed model home for farmers

constructive proposals coming out of this workshop was one calling for preparing young people to help probation and parole officers in the re-education of juvenile delinquents.

In the workshop on technical assistance for underdeveloped areas plans were laid for WAY to train the youth leaders of underdeveloped countries as instructors in handicrafts, domestic science, civic responsibility, and health and nutrition. Domingo Giocolea, Secretary of the University Students Association in Guatemala, stressed the need for education as a preliminary to economic improvements. "Our country is predominantly agricultural," he said, "and our problem is to improve our agricultural methods. But to do that we must erase illiteracy, and in this field WAY can be of great help."

Limited funds have so far prevented WAY from

publishing its documents in Spanish and from sending a field staff to establish contacts in Latin America. However, observers from youth organizations in eight Latin American countries—Brazil, Cuba, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala, Mexico, Uruguay, and Venezuela—attended the Assembly. They had the right to take part in the discussions, but not to vote. All the plenary sessions were translated simultaneously into Spanish. "We have every reason to hope," said Secretary General F. Paul Mercereau, "that when the World Assembly of Youth meets again three years hence, the great continent of South America will be ably represented by a score of active members."

The Latin Americans presented the following recommendation to the WAY Council: "In view of the fact that the Latin American youth movements are representative of a considerable part of the youth of the world, and that WAY has expressed its desire to extend its actions to the Latin American countries, as is reflected in its program for 1952, it is considered of greatest importance that two representatives of WAY be sent to Latin America to make known and promote its activities." The Council has asked the Development Commission to fulfill this request.

Carlos Rosal of Guatemala City summed up WAY's current position: "Up to now," he said, "WAY has been working in a broad area, seeking to find out all it could about the position of youth in the world. Now it is facing specific problems and evolving practical, constructive approaches to them."

FROM CADILLAC TO FORD

(Continued from page 23)

be unequalled in France itself; the reliquary given by Notre Dame de Chartres to the Huron mission; the first peace treaty ever made by white men—the Jesuit missionaries—with the Indian tribes, undecipherable on a wampum belt.

Among these fascinating objects I noticed a Degas canvas dating from his New Orleans period, when he was visiting his brother, and a curious portrait of one of the innumerable impostors who had tried to pass himself off as Louis XVII, the little dauphin who died in prison. There were many false pretenders, but in this case, the deception is painted in bold strokes on the impostor's face: he is a pure-blooded Indian.

In getting ready to celebrate its maturity with *éclat*, Cadillac's city suddenly realized that although rich, prosperous, and eager to learn, it had neglected its appearance during its fit of growing. The original little colony had brought the charms of Versailles to the wilderness. But now the sprawling metropolis is showing the effects of its industrial fever and looks back nostalgically to the time when it called itself one of the most beautiful U.S. cities. So it is beginning to pretty up with the handsome Veterans' Memorial, the first of a harmonious group known as the Civic Center that will

replace the ancient leprous structures disfiguring the edge of the strait where old Fort Pontchartrain stood.

Gazing at this landscape, trying to imagine how it looked to the founding fathers, I wondered whether the springs of French culture, imbedded beneath many other cultural layers in the city's subsoil, had dried up or still flowed silently on. Little remains on the surface: a few commemorative plaques, some names of streets. In Hamtramck, for example, an independent community within the city limits said to be the second largest Polish city in the world, the streets bear French names—reminders of the colonists who still dwelt there at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Some families can trace their genealogy back to Cadillac's companions. The French Canadians who migrate to Detroit are constantly adding to the little French-speaking nucleus that the French consul, M. Gauthier, numbers at some 85,000. Their spiritual center is St. Joachim Church, and thanks to the devotion of M. Eudore Mayrand, they even have a French-language bulletin, *Le Courrier du Michigan*. Detroit also boasts many Spanish-speaking people.

The anniversary festival showed a determination of Detroiters to make the heritage of each segment of the population the common legacy of their children. "All nationalities work together to make Detroit great," proclaimed one of the floats. Then there were the two international open-air shows organized by the International Institute at Belle-Isle, once known as Hog Island and today a magnificent public park. More than three hundred performers took part, all local young people, performing the songs and dances of the countries of their forebears.

When I inquired about the nationality of a group ready to present French country dances, a young girl wearing a charming Breton headdress answered: "You don't have to be French to dance a *bourrée* nor Spanish to sing a *jota*. At the International Institute we learn the folklore of every country, and only the best performers have been chosen, no matter what their origin."

I have seen the process of amalgamation far advanced in Mexico. While certain minority groups exist—one boasting of its Spanish blood speaks scornfully of the "*inditos*," while another is ashamed of everything the country owes to Spanish culture—most Mexicans are nevertheless conscious that they are a new race, representing a fusion of culture stemming from two distinct sources. So both Cuauhtémoc and Cortés are national heroes. I found this same feeling in the Detroit festival—but applying to an infinity of sources.

At the gala dinner closing the week's celebrations, where I heard Detroit leaders speak for themselves, it occurred to me that Detroiters are trying once more to blend the traditions of old with the realities of the present. This great city, which owes its prosperity and its very life to people who came from the four corners of the earth, has a spirit of universality—and isn't that a very French characteristic? As Dr. David Henry, President of Wayne University, put it: "Detroit knows that it belongs to the nation and to the world, and this, I believe, is its future."

THROUGH THE EYES OF SEGALL

(Continued from page 27)

and others. But I did not intend to compare their works with Segall's, much less trace any parallelism between them. Yet recalling them does serve to emphasize the degree to which the *Mangué* drawings are original. They are very much Segall's and no one else's. The kinship of certain figures is explained by the similarity of sources and environments, just as almost all Provence landscapes are analogous in construction and coloring. Van Gogh, whose correspondence I have just been reading, mentions this to one of his friends: "Knowing how much you like Cézanne, I thought these sketches would please you; not that there is the slightest similarity between one of Cézanne's drawings and one of mine. There is really no more resemblance than between Monticelli and me! But I, too, feel a great affection for that region they love so much, and for the same reasons: its color and its logical design."

That logic is precisely what brings forth comparisons and discoveries of influences, often absurdly. The anthropologists tell us that culture is cumulative and determinant; it is no wonder, therefore, that similar environments should suggest similar solutions to artists of comparable ability and training. It is a question of creating along parallel lines, but not of imitation or influence. In Segall's case, however, one cannot carry this comparison very far, for his powerful personality dominates the subject-matter and gives it an expression not to be found in anyone else's work. The history of painting in Brazil has not yet been written. The whole period of transition between academicism and modernism remains obscure. In order to understand more easily the liberating movement in Brazilian art, it is customary to start with the famous Art Week held in São Paulo in 1922. But that is undoubtedly an arbitrary borderline, for Lasar Segall was showing expressionist works and Di Cavalcanti was successfully trying certain unbridled "fugues" as far back as 1913. Later came Zina Aita, Anita Malfatti, and Tarsila do Amaral. They were the real precursors of modern art in Brazil.

A long way has been covered since then, with achievements beyond all expectations. Today we find ourselves at another crossroads, but we can see that art progresses toward the universal, and before long it will be nothing short of ridiculous to talk about Brazilian painting, North-American painting, or French painting. We must speak simply of painting. Some Brazilian artists, like Segall or Portinari, understood this. Incidentally, some malicious critics tried to oppose Portinari to Segall. Nothing could be more absurd, for they are both first-rate artists, but completely different in temperament and orientation. To compare one with the other would be as much an error as to consider Balzac greater than Flaubert, or Daumier better than Corot. Such men cannot be compared; they are to be admired separately, for their own accomplishments, not as athletes in a race where the participants must by all means be scored, but as independent artists, each bringing his own message.



THE POOR ARTIST

TO BE FRANK ABOUT IT, artists are parasites, but their non-material contribution to society is so important that they must be kept in food and shelter and enabled to go on producing. This is the thesis on which Antonio Callado, a feature writer for the Rio daily *Correio da Manhã*, bases an article discussing ways and means:

"What made George Bernard Shaw attack with Irish fury his own creature, the Fabian Socialist state, founded in England in 1945? It was the late demon's realization that of the twenty-four thousand pounds his books yielded him every year, His Majesty's income-tax collector was pocketing twenty thousand! Shaw sought the *Evening Standard's* columns to lodge his fierce protest. As an artist, he refused to be subjected to the surtax aimed at the 'sharks.'

"But then, one may ask, what will happen to an artist who earns as much as a prosperous businessman? Would he not be considered a 'shark'? No, he will always be a mermaid.

"In this world fast turning toward socialism, nations must take on the role of Maccenas if they want art to continue flourishing. The advent of socialism dries up the springs of private wealth, and therefore the Maccenas. And without some sort of Maccenas artists are as incomplete as a parasite without a host.

"Writers and other artists defend their parasitic living with convincing and striking reasoning—as might be expected. Their argument, quite cogent, as a matter of fact, is as follows: we are beings who deserve all from others. After a certain number of years of

study a man is considered a physician, a lawyer, a dentist, and so on. But where and how is a writer graduated? How many years of study are demanded of him? What does he need to produce his commodity, the goods he is to introduce in the market? There is no known prescription, nor is there in all the world a school to enable a man to write a book that will be a work of art. A periodical actively engaged in helping writers—such as our *Jornal de Letras*, for example—may indulge in some inconclusive investigation by asking the experts: 'What should a human being do to become an artist?' Many of the interviewees will answer solemnly, 'Nobody becomes an artist; artists are born.' Others will say that artists must suffer

hellishly in order to create. Still others, that hunger is the key that frees the mind. Even others (such as M. Dumay, quoted here last week by Paul Rónai in an article that inspired this one) opine that this whole romantic business of saying that poverty is a factor in creativeness is so much hogwash, that writers who produce good art without adequate economic means are the exceptions.

"All this amuses and intoxicates the writer who defends his parasitic life with convincing and striking reasons. Actually he does not know himself what makes an artist. Or rather—whether he is a revolutionary, a tortured, a cold, or an elegant type—he knows only that the land must support him if it wants him to go on bringing down fire from heaven. He knows only that art is born of leisure as flowers are born of roots; that God does not talk to the busy; and that an artist sells his soul only when he renounces it in order to nourish his body, a body like everyone else's. Then, indeed, at the stroke of midnight Beelzebub will carry him off.

"The artist's explanations are not very explanatory, for he knows only, like Shaw, that to subject him to income tax is an ignominious outrage. He knows in his flesh how much he has had to read, the sharpening of sensitivity he has had to undergo, the torment of that supreme paradox of an artist's life: to study others as assiduously as possible, to penetrate the work of others as a burglar breaks into a house, so that in the long run he will be able to be different from everybody else and build a house in which he alone will be able to live.



Caricature by David of existentialist leader Jean-Paul Sartre. From Havana weekly *Bohemia*

A surgeon learns to imitate his master in carving a belly divinely; but a writer who emulates his master is a mere typist. A writer knows that there is nothing doing without gestation. . . .

"But how can a writer gestate for innumerable nine-month periods and finally end up by delivering a book, unless somebody supports him? In the present state of affairs in this world, writers play the role of the unwed mothers in old-fashioned novels. And as is traditional, unwed mothers (after selling their curls to feed their child, and so on) always ended up becoming ladies of the evening. That's what happens to the writer who tries to earn a living away from literature. His doom comes even faster: he doesn't even have curls to sell.

"In a world where Maecenases are becoming extinct, I can see only one way for the artist to be kept alive, and that is through the help of the state—but with reservations. In Russia artists are given a prominent place beside managers, engineers, architects; but they have lost (another paradox in the poor men's lives) the essential freedom to create what they want. To be sure, when in past years an artist found a Maecenas, he would not criticize the patron's family. However, the theme of his work was his own. But then, the Boris Pasternaks and Prokofievs of that day had no Central Party Committee to contend with. . . .

"Another problem is this: should the state finance all these parasites? Give sustenance to the whole hothouse of orchids? I believe the accomplished artist should take care of himself, unless he is an exceptional case, unless the state should think it advantageous to keep him in leisure and wear the parasite in its lapel, like a decoration. Norway did just that for Ibsen, and Brazil could easily do the same for, say, Manuel Bandeira.

"What the state can and should do is to invest money in the young artist, invest in a brain as it does in wheat or jute. But who are the young artists? In the first place one would have to limit their age: up to twenty-five, for example. They would have to be young men (or women, of course) of promise, who had proved to be unusually talented through writings in newspapers, magazines, perhaps books.

All the chief poets of our Romantic era would have fitted here (Castro Alves, Casimiro, Alvares de Azevedo), as Raquel de Queiroz would nowadays. These blithe spirits would get free housing and a modest income to allow them to live decently; above all, they would not be obligated to produce anything at any given time. They would be told that the state would help them for one or two years, let us say. They could, if they preferred, spend that period in reading or research only, and then produce.

"What I am suggesting here is not mere invention or fantasy. Such things have already been done on a small scale and not by states. In the November 18, 1950, issue of *New Statesman*



Cover of *Lux*, organ of Mexican Electricians' Union, pictures state of the world

and *Nation*, English critic V. S. Pritchett wrote a fascinating article about the Atlantic awards, 'prizes' given to writers in England by the Rockefeller Foundation. These fellowships were for one year, and the winners were expected to have accomplished something at the end of that period. But no one would ask them anything. They would be able to use their time as they pleased. Well, of about fifty fellowship-winners, twenty-eight published books during that year of leisure, and others later finished books started during the period.

"The committee in charge of distributing the awards eventually became convinced that prizes should be

given to writers who had already published two or three books, and Pritchett agrees, alleging that anybody can write one book, and the writer's most anxious hour comes afterward. But that is another story. Besides, how many writers in Brazil are able to 'professionalize' to the extent of living only on their books? Our problem is more modest than that of the British. That our writers must spend their lives doing something else besides creative writing (be it poetry, novels, criticism, or essays) is a notion to which we are already accustomed. Our problem is to see that at least during the hatching period Brazilian writers may be able to live according to the noble instincts of all creative minds anywhere in the world: to live in a state of taut leisure and scintillating laziness like that of Mary at the Lord's feet.

"T. S. Eliot goes to work every day at Faber and Faber, Ltd., publishers, like a punctual bank clerk, but his friend Ezra Pound went mad. For each writer reconciled to earning a living normally, one cracks under the strain. And those who earn a living 'normally' do it because they can't help it—but what torture to be Martha! From the summit of his high position in the Brazilian Foreign Office, Guimarães Rosa dreams of a lay monastery where he would be tonsured and able to live among metaphors and cats. And has anyone noticed how Carlos Drummond's face becomes long and gray like a puritanical Scotch Sunday as he sits at his desk in the government department where he earns his living?

"Baudelaire's letters to his mother are one long request for money. Shaw (before he became successful at forty) faced a dilemma: to work or to exploit his mother. He himself told Henderson, his biographer, that he didn't throw himself into the struggle for living, he threw his mother."

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

ALMOST AS PRECIOUS AS, and only slightly more available than, the fleece for which Jason set sail is the one Florence Walker tells of in the English-language weekly *Peruvian Times*, published in Lima:

"Although times and styles have changed since the days when the Incas governed a vast territory from their imperial palaces in Cuzco, the ancient rulers and modern women share one thing in common—their admiration and desire for cloth made from the hair of the golden-fleeced vicuña.

"Before the advent of the conquistadors, the Inca rulers were the only members of the kingdom who wore garments woven from the fleece of this fabulous little animal. They enforced laws for the protection of the vicuña and only permitted their subjects to hunt them once every four years. At that time, according to chronicles, from fifty to seventy-five thousand men participated in gala hunts and then only a limited number of male vicuñas were killed. The fleece obtained was then stored in the royal warehouses and reserved for the exclusive use of the Inca leaders.

"Since then this deerlike animal has been so ruthlessly slaughtered that today it is found only in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the high Andes. So scarce had the vicuña become by 1825 that the Peruvian Government passed a law prohibiting its slaying. However, this law was usually disregarded and it wasn't until 1921 that new legislation for the vicuña's protection was enacted in Peru.

"In March 1939 the Peruvian Government established even more stringent regulations to control both the killing of vicuñas and the sale of their pelts and decreed that no vicuña hides or fleece could be sold for either home consumption or export. Bolivia

enacted a similar law the same year. Only recently did the Peruvian Government lift the ban on export of the fleece and [a New York company] obtained a small quantity of vicuña fleece from Peru for the first time since 1947. . . ." The sale was made possible by a government decree specifically stipulating that the fleece be "derived from animals which have died of natural causes." Coats of pure vicuña cloth are so rare, adds the author, that each year only five hundred men and women can buy one.

"Of interest to women who may not favor natural colors of the vicuña is the [new] method of dyeing the fleece in a variety of colors which do not destroy the original beauty of the fiber itself. This accomplishment, brought about only recently, is regarded in the textile industry as an outstanding achievement, as previously the fleece was unserviceable in any but its natural colors. Peruvian residents have only seen the cloth in its natural colors on sale in this country.

"The fleece itself is unquestionably the finest ever placed at the disposal of the weaver. Exquisitely soft and delicate, it has almost every essential feature of texture, luster, tensile strength, and beauty and is far superior to that of the celebrated Kashmir goat. Its fibers are the finest of any known animal, being approximately five ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter, which is more than twice as fine as the very highest quality sheep's wool. To give an idea of how slender they are, despite being extremely strong and resilient, a vicuña hair is only one-tenth the diameter of baby-fine human hair.

"The habitat of the vicuña is Peru, northern Bolivia, and southern Ecuador, and these hardy little animals are found at altitudes ranging from 12,500 to 16,000 feet. A lovely, almost archaic creature, the vicuña is smaller than its three near relatives, the alpaca, llama, and guanaco, and it stands less than three feet high and weighs from seventy-five to a hundred pounds. One of the wildest of all living creatures, the vicuña, which lives to an age of about twelve years, wards off attack by emitting a non-toxic saliva with deadly accuracy. The white of the victim's eye usually is the target.

"This slender, graceful creature has two types of hair, the outer or 'beard' hair and the inner hair. The former, which serves as a coating for the animal, is not utilized in the manufacture of fine fabrics. The inner hair, which grows close to the skin on the neck, under the shoulders, and on the sides and underportions of the body, is the miraculously soft and silklike fleece used. Its natural colors range from golden chestnut to a rich fawn, shading off to a pallid white beneath the body.

"The amount of fine hair obtained from a single animal is approximately a quarter of a pound. This means that pure vicuña cloth requires the hair of no less than forty animals to make sufficient cloth for a single coat. . . . The vicuña fleece, in the accepted sense of the term, is neither a hair nor a wool, but combines elements of both.

"Up until a short while ago the vicuña was found impossible to domesticate. However, Mr. Juan Paredes Paredes is now carrying out experiments in breeding and raising them on his Calacala Hacienda in the Department of Puno. As a result, with the rigid laws now in effect plus the promise of success in domestication of these regal fleece bearers, the annual supply of this wondrous fabric is slowly but steadily increasing."

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

IN THE CHILEAN LITERARY QUARTERLY appropriately called *Babel*, Colombian writer Germán Arciniegas pays tribute to the world's treasure house of languages. "A language is a people speaking," he feels; but more significant is what men can learn from other men's languages, "the breath that comes from distant lands, from ages that seemed silenced by inexorable time. . . .

"At the moments of history's most profound transformations—especially in the history of the intelligence—not infrequently the effects of introduction into a foreign language have been revolutionary. There came to Italy at the beginning of the Renaissance some Greeks, who revealed to the restless sons of Florence the hidden treasures of Platonic philosophy. The passion for studying Greek became a direct cause of the most active literary, philosophical, and artistic renovation of





"Sunbeam and Eagle-Eye are such common names. Let's call him Joaquim."—Caretta, Rio de Janeiro

many centuries. . . . When Marcilio Ficino began his translation of Plato's *Dialogues* and read them one by one to Pietro de' Medici, the latter could not help asking him to read them and comment on them at public meetings so that all the citizens could benefit from such a prodigious work of Greek thought. Thus began the most celebrated and fruitful academic association of modern times.

"A language so broadens man's horizons, so stimulates his curiosity, that it can become the most active ingredient in his intellectual formation. It is obvious that we can study China without knowing Chinese; that we know many things about Germany without knowing German; that by means of geography, newspapers, translated books, the movies, we arrive by various paths at a certain general knowledge of the world. But language is a more alive, human, efficacious element. We feel nearer to the man who speaks it if we can understand him. In the mere possibility of carrying on a conversation with a person who comes from distant lands—trivial as the conversation may be—there is something that produces inner satisfaction, a feeling of closeness no other means of communication offers." Even more: to a certain extent, Arciniegas points out, Spanish America owes its independence to the study of languages—to Miranda's conversations in French and English, to Nariño's translation in Bogotá of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, to the conspirators of La Guaira who had read the *Encyclopedia*. And "in *La Abispa de Chilpancingo*, written to perpetuate the memory of the first congress in-

stalled there by José María Morelos, it could be written: 'Let us not resort to Rome or Athens for models: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—here are our most perfect types.' . . .

"Spanish is the language of my parents, my wife, my children. It is the only one that, as far as I can, I study. There are always dictionaries on my desk—Spanish, English, Italian, French. Of all, the most worn is the Spanish. Since it is the language in which I express myself, I understand that this is where my ignorance is greatest, that I must know it best.

"But I have lived almost a fifth of my life . . . in English-speaking countries, and if someone were to ask me what circumstance has exerted the strongest influence in giving me the idea I have of the world, I should not hesitate to answer: 'The English language.' Through Spanish I have become interested in the history of my people, and in Spanish I have come to know them. But I only came to understand that the world sometimes is and sometimes is not as we Spanish-speaking people see it, when I was initiated into English grammar and saw in action the men who use it. Then I understood that humanity is made up of people who must live on the same continents and be neighbors, with directly opposite points of view. While a South American is seeing the green light that means the way is clear and he may go forward, the North American is seeing a red light that says 'Stop!' Here are two individuals, each thinking the other is color-blind. Only by recognizing this, by humbly accepting it as a fact imposed by nature, can we reach tolerance and live together peacefully. Those who think humanity can be reduced to one language, one party, one style, one culture, are potential genocides.

"Peoples form around a language in order to express themselves in their own way, freely. Prezzolini, in his book *The Legacy of Italy*, begins by making a statement as surprising as it is indisputable: We Italians (he says in effect) are not Romans, we are not descended from the Great Roman Empire, we are not heading for another Roman empire. The line of

argument is obvious. Of Roman institutions, Roman law, the Roman Empire, the Roman style, we can find more vivid traces in France, in Spain, perhaps even in England or Germany, than in Italy itself. Of the Latin tongue we find elements in ten different languages. In the Middle Ages Lombards and Romans, Mohammedans and Christians, Greeks and Latins met in Italy, mixed, married, fought, were reconciled, until from these blows and embraces emerged . . . a new language made with diverse materials, but fired with an unforeseen spirit. Italian was born, and Italian was not Roman, not imperial, not the law of the Pandects: it was the living Italy, that one day would emerge as a purveyor of incomparable poetry. . . .

"If this happens in Italy, what can we say of today's Spanish, so Arabic, so Iberian, so Judaic, so Latin, so Carib, so Mexican, so Quechuan, so Guarani, so Aymará, so Negro, so white, so brown, so Andalusian, so Chilean, so Puerto Rican, so Ecuadorean, so much our own! Each word is a stamp. From the day *canoe* was said in Spanish, a new word began to thrust itself into the vocabulary. Let the North American who wants to learn about this Hemisphere learn Spanish, our American Spanish. . . .

"The world is not exactly a map of countries painted the color of their governments, but a musical top, a sphere of languages. Rufino Cuervo said that for the man who has seen only his village and has never heard of regions beyond the horizon, his homeland represents no more than a limited kinship, a reduced circle of acquaintances tied to the plot of land. But there comes a moment for the educated man, he adds, when the homeland does not fit within the capricious boundaries of nationality. As our hearts feel linked to the soil on which we were born, our reason, twin sister of the native tongue, makes us compatriots of all those in the world who speak our own language. Rather than within fictitious limits, Don Rufino concludes, minds are grouped around names like Cervantes, Shakespeare, or Goethe. This is the profound and ultimate meaning of the problem of languages. This is why they are the basis of education. . . ."

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



So that you may more easily drive your car to any point in the Americas (even to Caribbean islands like Haiti via inter-island ferry), Haitian OAS Ambassador Joseph L. Déjean (center), flanked by Assistant Secretary General William Manger (left) and Secretary General Alberto Lleras, recently deposited his country's ratification of the Convention on the Regulation of Inter-American Automotive Traffic. In doing so, Haiti joined fifteen other Hemisphere republics in defining what is required to operate a car internationally on the highways of any of the contracting countries. Involved are drivers' permits, registration certificates, license plates, the maximum width, height, length, and weight of each category of vehicle, the certification of efficient brakes, horn, headlights, and so on; in short, everything that will make your future trip a safe and pleasant one with a minimum of difficulty in having to cross international boundaries.



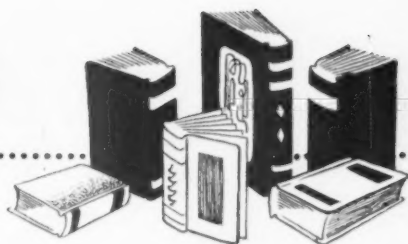
In the short space of twelve years, Mr. Charles Robert Burrows (right) has advanced in the State Department from vice-consul at Havana to Deputy Director of the Office of Regional American Affairs. In addition, he was recently named alternate U.S. representative to the OAS Council, to which post he is shown being sworn in by Mr. Morgan W. Will of the State Department's Division of Foreign Service Personnel. A former Counselor for Political Affairs in the American Embassy at Mexico City, Mr. Burrows has also served at La Paz, Buenos Aires, and Ciudad Trujillo.



As part of its summer program to meet at each other's homes, the famous White House Spanish-Portuguese Study Group held one of its weekly gatherings recently at the home of Sra. Ana de Ludueña, wife of the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from Argentina to the OAS. Founded in 1943 by Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mrs. Robert McCullough, and Mrs. Clarence Norton Goodwin, the eighty-member group received its name when Mrs. Harry S. Truman hospitably opened the doors of the White House to its meetings. Here, promoting "more general understanding of the art, literature, and culture of Latin America" are (from left): Mrs. Carl Pederson, wife of a U.S. State Department official; Sra. Elena de Castro, wife of the Salvadorean Ambassador; Mme. Thor Thors, whose husband is the Ambassador from Iceland; Sra. Carmen de Schick, wife of the Counselor of the Nicaraguan Embassy; Sra. Aida Aragón de Aldana, wife of the Guatemalan Ambassador; and Mme. Gustave Laraque, wife of the Ambassador from Haiti.

At the recent PAU exhibition of the paintings and sculpture of Dr. Samuel Mallo López (left), the Ambassador of the Dominican Republic Dr. Luis Francisco Thomen paused to chat enthusiastically about the work of the noted Argentine artist-psychiatrist. Specialist in the treatment of mental disease, member of the staff of the Gaelic Center and of the Ramos Mejia Hospital in Buenos Aires, Dr. Mallo López studied at his country's National Academy of Art and was awarded the title of Professor of Drawing in 1925. Working in terracotta, papier mâché, plasticine, plaster of Paris, and clay, he is especially known for the extraordinary figures he models out of bread dough. Winner of various prizes, his oils and sculpture have been shown throughout Argentina and at Santiago and Valparaíso in Chile.

BOOKS



AMERICA'S FIRST WRITER

THE INCA Garcilaso de la Vega was the first great writer native to the New World. He was born in Cuzco, Peru, in 1539, a few years after the Spaniards had taken over the empire of the Incas. The son of a conquistador, he had family connections with the most distinguished Spanish nobility and men renowned in both warfare and literature: Jorge Manrique, Santillana, Garcilaso de la Vega, Garcí Pérez de Vargas, to name but a few. On his mother's side, he was descended from a long line of Inca rulers. She was a niece of Huayna Capac and a cousin of Atahualpa. Thus the Inca Garcilaso symbolizes Spanish America in a special way. He was a humanist, sharing with the great men of the Renaissance a utopian outlook toward America and things American. Although it is customary to explain his attitude toward the Indians as a consequence of his origin, one must admit that it does not differ in many respects from a Vasco de Quiroga's or a Vitoria's. While Las Casas, in his defense of the Indian, was against the right of conquest, Garcilaso, while praising the Indian, supported it.

The Florida of the Inca (1605), now translated by John and Jeannette Varner, was Garcilaso's first important work; however, he had previously done the best Spanish translation up to that time of the *Dialoghi* of Leon Hebreo and written the *Relación de la Descendencia de Garcí Pérez de Vargas*. Although he is best known for his *Royal Commentaries of the Incas* (1609) and the *General History of Peru* (1617), it is not because *The Florida* (or just *Florida* in ordinary English) is a lesser work. *The Florida* has been translated into French, German, and, imperfectly until this version, into English. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Garcilaso's works were so popular that there were numerous editions. The romanticists highly esteemed *The Florida*, and Southey considered it one of the most enjoyable books written in Spanish. In regard to the historical nature of Garcilaso's work, we must bear in mind that he had a different historical concept than ours, and the imitation of the classics was an important factor in his culture pattern. As the Verners indicate, one must interpret his works in terms of the period in which they were written.

In *The Florida*, Garcilaso tells us with considerable enthusiasm and in excellent prose of the hardships and

deeds of one of the most extraordinary and tragic conquest expeditions of the sixteenth century. In 1539, Hernando de Soto, who had previously taken part in the conquest of Peru, landed with a small army near what is today the city of Tampa, Florida. For four years his men explored a stretch of land including the states of Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana, covering a distance of more than 3500 miles, overcoming obstacles of all kinds from the lack of maps to the linguistic barriers, fighting with hostile Indian tribes, and, part of the time, barefoot and clad in coarse furs. With epic overtones, Garcilaso narrates extraordinary battles and, with a style worthy of Caesar, whom he strove to equal, he describes the unbelievable feats of both Indians and Spaniards.

The main theme of the work is exhortation to the conquest and evangelization of America. But at the same time Garcilaso puts forth his doctrine and in more than one instance points out how the conquest should have been made. Perhaps as important as the theme of the conquest of America is the epic theme—so much so that Ventura García Calderón calls *The Florida* an *Araucana* in prose. The influence of Renaissance epics in *The Florida* is considerable, but this does not mean that the code of chivalry did not have a real existence for Garcilaso and even more for De Soto's companions. Of special importance, too, are the paragraphs describing the land and its crops, fervently praising the fertility of the soil.

Three other accounts of De Soto's expedition have reached us: the *Relaçam Verdadeira*, in Portuguese, by a "gentleman of Elvas," and the reports of Ranjel and Biedma. The *Relaçam Verdadeira* or *True Account* is the best, but none can be compared to *The Florida* from a literary point of view. It is interesting that, while the censors of Garcilaso's works praised them, the printer of the *Relaçam Verdadeira*, Andrés de Burgos (1557), apologized for the author's bad style. The imitation of the classics that has been pointed out in Garcilaso is also apparent in the *Relaçam Verdadeira*.

We should welcome the publication of the English version of *The Florida* by the University of Texas, for it puts within reach of English-speaking peoples a work that traditionally as well as artistically is highly important in the history of the New World, especially



Bust of the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega in main plaza of Cuzco, the Spanish-Indian historian's birthplace

for the people of the United States, as it deals with one of the biggest efforts to explore and discover a large part of their country. Because of expeditions such as DeSoto's, Cabeza de Vaca's, and Coronado's, the map of the southern United States began to take shape.

The Varners' translation represents a recognition of the high literary value of *The Florida*, and in general the authors have overcome the tremendous difficulties such a translation presents, keeping a high level of accuracy and style. It is regrettable that at some points this level has not been maintained, especially in connection with synonyms and cognates. For instance, "*la facundia historial del grandísimo César*" is rendered as "the classic eloquence of the greatest Caesar." The reference is to Julius Caesar, and the translation, in my opinion, should be "the narrative eloquence of the great Caesar." "Greatest Caesar" would correspond rather to "*el más grande César*." In English *race* and *nation* are often given as synonyms, but in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spanish *raca* and *nación* were not synonyms. According to Cobarrubias, the term *raca* had a more specialized meaning than today, and Garcilaso does not use it. To translate *nación* by *race* may give rise to misunderstandings, though it may be correct from the standpoint of modern English.

The style is somewhat archaic, but that may perhaps contribute an appropriate atmosphere to the book. The

introduction and notes are an excellent summary of the works of critics like Durand, Miró Quesada, Valcárcel, and others. They show thorough research on the part of the translators, who also effectively used the results of the U.S. De Soto Expedition Commission.—*Rafael Martí-Abelló*

THE FLORIDA OF THE INCA, by Garcilaso de la Vega, translated by John and Jeannette Varner. Austin, Texas, University of Texas Press, 1951. 656 p. Illus. \$7.50

TWO SAGAS OF EARLY PEOPLES IN YUCATAN

THE CHILAM BALAM—priests or prophets of the Mayan jaguar god—were the highest order of the hierarchy whose duty it was "to regulate and interpret the calendar and order the lives of the Maya people." Prophecy and interpretation alike were based upon the Mayan belief that history tends to repeat itself in cycles of thirteen *katuns*, or approximately 256 years. "From the statistics of centuries each *katun*—named curiously enough for the day on which it ended—had acquired an individuality and character all its own. Eight Ahau, for example, was the *katun* of settling down in a new place, and the great mass-migrations of the Maya appear to have taken place during these twenty-year periods. . . . Four Ahau was the 'katun for remembering knowledge and writing it down in the Book of Chilam Balam.'" The compilation of records included in *The Chilam Balam of Tizimin* was transcribed in *Katun Four Ahau* in the Christian year 1752.

An English translation of this unique record, with commentary on it, is now available, thanks to the arduous and ardent scholarship of Maud Worcester Makemson. She warns us that as a factual record of a people's mundane affairs, the *Book of the Jaguar Priest* leaves much to be desired, since its primary emphasis is not on historical data. "Considered as the spiritual history of a cultivated Maya tribe, however, the document becomes truly significant."

As chairman of the astronomy department of Vassar College and an accomplished linguist, Dr. Makemson is technically well qualified to translate such a document. The proficiency and grace of her rendition, no less than its obvious conscientiousness and the concomitant research, prove that she has the even more important assets of historical and psychological insight.

The Jaguar Priest (the designation not for an individual but for a functionary) recorded the story of Spaniards and Yucatecans during approximately a century and a half, from 1593 to 1752. He narrates the struggle between "those Spaniards whose purpose was merely to plunder the material possessions and exploit the labor [of the Mayans] . . . and the simple-minded friars who sought to snatch [Mayan] souls from the tenacious grasp of Satan," as that struggle was viewed by the Xiu and Chal tribesmen of northern Yucatán. The narration makes it very clear that the tribesmen frequently saw themselves ground between upper and nether

millstones in that struggle. The book shows how the friendliness of the first welcome to the Spanish newcomers was changed by successive disillusionment and increasing violence until to the Jaguar Priest the Spaniards came to seem at best "strutting turkeys" across their land.

This *Book of Chilam Balam of Tizimin* was compiled when many of the old manuscripts had been destroyed, and the remaining texts were in ancient hieroglyphs that few men then living were able to decipher. These few, resolved that remembrance of their past should not vanish from the earth, set down in Mayan words, using the alphabet newly learned from the Spaniards, what could be recalled of the old ceremonies and prophecies. They said: "These are the words which must be spoken: the prophecies are a solemn trust from ancient times. They are the first news of events, and a valuable warning of things to come." The present volume is the translation of a photostatic copy in the University of Pennsylvania Museum of the original manuscript in Mexico City. While important to the Xiu and Chal for its prophetic utterances, the *Chilam Balam* has a far more abiding and more general importance as a key to what these Yucatecans were thinking and feeling during years of bitter repression by alien domination that ultimately burst into revolt in 1848.

Equipped with bibliography and index, Dr. Makemson's work is in two parts. Part I consists of the annotated translation achieved with literary as well as scholastic distinction: "Once there was truth, which we drew from the Serpent in ancient times, from the clear unclouded heavens to the evil-knotted earth beneath. But when the enemy warriors came, the folds of death became swaddling clothes for our babes." Part II contains seven chapters of commentary on the character, contents, and historical aspect of the book; on the Maya gods and the calendar, and the count of katuns; on omens and prognostications, and the astronomy, philosophy, and mythology of the Mayas; together with an illuminating study of the correlations between Mayan and Christian calendars.

Maya Temple of the Warriors at Chichén Itzá, Yucatán



"The valleys of the earth shall come to an end," warns the *Chilam Balam*. "For those katuns there shall be no priest and no one who believes in his government without having doubts. They are broken, the omens. . . ."

IN HAWAII

KING KALAKAUA OF HAWAII owned in manuscript a genealogical prayer chant—the *Kumulipo*—which in the minds of his subjects attested to his hereditary right to the throne. The text of this manuscript was printed in Honolulu in 1839, and a translation appeared in Boston eight years later. Other texts and versions of the *Kumulipo* have been published variously in pamphlets and periodicals. In *The Kumulipo: A Hawaiian Creation Chant*, Dr. Martha Beckwith, who has made important previous contributions on Jamaican as well as Hawaiian anthropology, presents for the first time a modern line-by-line English translation, fully annotated.

The original of upwards of two thousand lines, transmitted orally through countless generations, purports to recount the history from the beginning of the world of one of the chief families of Hawaii, including a genealogy designed to establish the family's divine origin. "The Hawaiian *Kumulipo*," Dr. Beckwith points out, "is a genealogical prayer chant linking the royal family to which it belonged not only to primary gods belonging to the whole people and worshipped in common with allied Polynesian groups, not only to deified chiefs born into the living world, the *Ao*, within the family line, but to the stars in the heavens and the plants and animals useful to life on earth, who must also be named within the chain of birth and their representatives in the spirit world thus be brought into the service of their children who live to carry on the line in the world of mankind."

In a series of twenty-seven chapters, Dr. Beckwith examines the sixteen separate chants integrated into the *Kumulipo*, supplying social and political backgrounds and explaining why and how the chants were composed and their familial and political import. A provocative section of the work is Dr. Beckwith's comparison of the *Kumulipo* with somewhat similar chants from the Tuamotus and the Marquesas showing certain myths and ethnic attitudes which are Polynesian rather than regional. The *Kumulipo* itself, the author concludes, has value "as a genuine example of the sacred creation story of a Polynesian people, true as it is to native poetic style, not alone in its composition as a whole but in particular passages, and reflecting old Hawaiian social life and philosophy in its treatment of the birth of life on earth and the myths of the gods."—Muna Lee

THE BOOK OF THE JAGUAR PRIEST: A TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF CHILAM BALAM OF TIZIMIN, WITH COMMENTARY, by Maud Worcester Makemson. New York, Henry Schuman, 1951. 238 p. \$3.50

THE KUMULIPO: A HAWAIIAN CREATION CHANT, by Martha Beckwith. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1951. 257 p. \$6.00

Presenting our Ambassadors

Copyright Katherine Young



The career of Félix Nieto del Río, Chilean Ambassador to the United States and to the Organization of American States, is one of the most distinguished in contemporary diplomacy. Starting out in the foreign service thirty-five years ago as an honorary attaché to a special mission to Buenos Aires (1915), he has held almost every rank his field offers. He has been everything from Chilean Consul General ad interim at New York and Vienna to Ambassador-at-large to seventeen American republics, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador to Brazil. He was Chilean mediator in the Chaco War. Dr. Nieto del Río has also represented his country at the Seventh International Conference of American States in Montevideo, 1933; at the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace at Buenos Aires in 1936; at the 1945 Mexico City Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace. He has been a member of the Inter-American Juridical Committee (Rio) and is permanent Chilean delegate to the United Nations. Born in Cauquenes, Maule Province, he was educated in Santiago. He is also a well-known author on international subjects, and one of Chile's most highly decorated men.

For more than twenty-five years Uruguay's Dr. José A. Mora, Ambassador to the United States and to the Organization of American States, has been an outstanding world diplomat and a familiar figure at almost every important inter-American conference. The first to serve as Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council, he was born at Montevideo and educated at that city's university, winning his degree as a doctor of laws and social sciences. Since then, he has been first secretary of Uruguay's legations in Spain and Portugal, Brazil, and the United States, and a director of the Division of International Organizations, Congresses, and Conferences of his country's Ministry of Foreign Relations. Between 1939 and 1942, he was adviser to the Uruguayan delegations to the three meetings of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics held in Panama, Havana, and Rio de Janeiro. He played the same role in 1945 at the San Francisco Conference, and was a delegate to the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Continental Peace and Security at Quitandinha, Brazil, in 1947 and to the Bogotá Conference of 1948. At present chairman of the Special Caribbean Commission appointed in 1950, Dr. Mora has been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at La Paz, Bolivia, Plenipotentiary Delegate of Uruguay to the UN General Assembly, and a member of the UN Human Rights Commission.



SURINAM

(Continued from page 16)

nine-year period from 1937 to 1946 the Surinaamse Bauxiet Maatschappij produced as much as its owners had expected in twenty-seven years. Sixteen million tons of bauxite were exported. Since one ton of aluminum is produced from every four tons of bauxite, Surinam gave the world four million tons of aluminum, most of which went into Allied airplane production during the vital war years.

The colony now feels it can do without Holland. In 1942, when Queen Wilhelmina delivered an address promising independence to the colonies, she realized that the overseas possessions of the Dutch Empire were waking up from their centuries-old lethargy. The Dutch East Indies subsequently achieved independence through violence, but Surinam still seeks it by more peaceful means. In June 1946, armed with fourteen proposed amendments to the Dutch constitution, a committee of Surinam's legislators under the leadership of jurist Lim A Po went to The Hague to promote autonomy. But they did not gain the recognition they asked for, and the country continued to be shaken from time to time with anti-Dutch demonstrations. In 1943 a round-table conference was held at The Hague to discuss the matter further. As of January 20, 1950, an interim arrangement went into effect that gives the country a certain degree of independence. The people may elect all twenty-one members of the Legislative Council through direct and secret vote. A Cabinet of Ministers is provided for, and certain powers of the Governor are now restricted. Surinam can regulate its domestic affairs, but must consult Holland on any large-scale immigrations or foreign policy matters. In addition to reserving the right to name its own Governor, the mother country continues to appoint the colony's Attorney General, and members of its Court of Justice.

When Holland lost Indonesia, it began to pay more attention to Surinam. "Indonesia lost, Surinam born," remarked a local statesman. It now appears that a period of prosperity has begun for the area. Housing conditions are being improved. A government project at Zorg en Hoop includes 626 houses of various sizes, completed but not yet occupied, and fifty-six other government homes have been built at Beekhuizen. An Institute for the Development of Land for Buildings has been set up in Paramaribo. In Brokopondo, there is a seventy-million-florin (about \$26,000,000) hydroelectric project. And a *Welvaartsfond*, or prosperity fund, with a capital of thirty million florins (about \$11,000,000) has been established to develop the country and increase production. It provides for loans to farmers and other groups; financing a new map of the colony; reviving cacao and citrus-fruit production in some regions and mining activities in others; and promoting immigration, housing projects and river fishing.

In Nickerie, the fund operates an experimental farm called the *Prinsbernhardpolder*, where it is trying to accelerate mechanization of agriculture, especially in rice-growing. On a 39,520-acre tract at Sloatwijk planta-

tion, it is financing plant experimentation, and at Lelydorp it will sponsor more experimenting and distribute parcels of land. Plans for the future include a mass migration of Dutch farmers to Surinam.

Encouraging production figures have helped strengthen the colony's new self-confidence. In 1950 Surinam produced 2,380,000 pounds of green vegetables; 375,000 stems of plantains; 309,000 stems of bananas; 130,000 pounds of cacao; 11,763,000 coconuts (yielding 74,000 gallons of coconut oil); 1,250,000 pounds of coffee; 2,085,000 pounds of corn; 110,000,000 pounds of rice; 320,000 pounds of legumes; 650,000 pounds of peanuts; 49,000,000 oranges; 7,600,000 grapefruits; 5,300,000 lemons; 3,500,000 other citrus fruits; 6,000,000 pounds of sugar; 8,000 gallons of honey; 334,000 pounds of edible roots; and 108,000 pounds of soy beans.

Among its industries, Surinam numbers the Bruynzeel sawmill and plywood factory, the largest of its kind in South America, numerous carbonated-beverage works, slaughterhouses, bakeries, and printing firms. It has its own steamship line, the *Scheepvaart Maatschappij Suriname*, with sixteen riverboats and four ocean-going vessels. A plant has been opened recently for washing, disinfecting, selecting, and packaging the citrus fruit the colony exports on a large scale to Holland and other countries in Europe. And a fruit-juice cannery is now in the planning stage.

The colony must take into account, however, the fact that so far it has never been able to balance its budget. The Dutch government has had to "lend" it some three million Dutch florins (about \$720,000; the Dutch florin is worth twenty-six cents, the Surinam florin thirty-seven) yearly in the form of a subsidy, and consequently has had a hand in planning the colony's budget. Surinam imports more than it exports. In 1950 imports totaled 39,319,567 florins (about \$14,800,000) and exports 31,483,151 (about \$11,600,000). Moreover, wartime foreign-exchange regulations are still in effect throughout the country.

Another drawback still to be overcome is the shortage of educational facilities. Under Dutch rule public instruction was never thoroughly organized and extended only as far as secondary school. For university training scholars had to go to Europe or the United States. As a result, local students may be steeped in Dutch history, but they have never had the opportunity to learn the history, literature, and culture of their own colony, much less of their Latin neighbors. However, thanks to the initiative of a few intellectuals, the situation is beginning to improve. Schools of law, advanced secondary education, and advanced agriculture have been opened by Dr. J. C. de Miranda, Mr. L. Lichveld, and Mr. W. Hewitt, respectively, all natives of Surinam. There is also a medical school whose graduates receive their M.D.'s after passing the government examination for doctors.

Surinam hopes to lick its problems by turning to its Latin American neighbors. The closer relations with Venezuela are a sample of those it hopes to establish with the rest of the Hemisphere in the future.



Cabeza de Vaca relates misfortunes:

"We agreed to re-embark and continue on our way, and shoved the boat off the beach. . . . and it was necessary for all of us to take off our clothes and work very hard to get it into the water, as we were in such a condition that even much lighter tasks seemed difficult to us; and after we were in the boat, two shots of a crossbow from shore, such a wave hit us that we were all soaked; and since we were naked and it was very cold, the oars flew out of our hands, and another wave overturned the boat. . . ."

—From *Naufragios*



The Conquistador Hernán Cortés records his campaigns:

"Although all those in my company told me to turn back, because it was an evil omen, I continued on my way, believing that God is above nature. Before dawn I came upon two villages, in which I killed many people. I did not want to burn the houses, lest the fires forewarn the other villages, which were very near. Since the sun was coming up, I fell upon another town, so large that more than twenty thousand houses were found there. . . . As I caught them by surprise, they came out unarmed, and the women and children went naked in the streets; and I opened fire. . . ."

"Since we were carrying the Christian banner, and were fighting for our faith and in the service of your holy majesty, in your very noble venture God gave us so great a victory that we killed many people, without suffering any losses. . . ."

"They replied that I should go away and leave the land to them, and then they would abandon the war; and that otherwise I was to know that they would all die or destroy us. . . . And day having dawned, they asked me, since they took me for a son of the sun, and the sun was able to go all the way around the world in the short space of one day and one night, why did I not finish killing them just as quickly and free them from so much suffering. . . ." —From *Cartas a Carlos V*

RACONTEURS OF THE CONQUEST

(Continued from page 9)

the Indian in the sixteenth century; he was an abstraction of the good or the bad man. And for Oviedo he was the bad man. God was punishing him with the hand of the conquistador.

Hernán Cortés (1485-1517)

Cortés wrote coldly, and one can imagine his face lighting up not when he talked of what he did, but only when he was describing what he saw on his strolls through the city and the market. He was the first Spaniard to discover the magnificence of a native civilization. He was a soldier and his goal was conquest; but while he went about dominating—by persuasion, intrigue, political skill, lies, and brutality—he could appreciate the social organization of the Aztecs. It was not literary laziness that made Cortés admit he was unable to communicate the marvels he saw to the king; he actually felt that the reality of Mexico was outside the frames of reference he had brought from Spain. His own language seemed to him a net too coarsely meshed to catch all the new things around him: "Since I do not know how to write the names, I do not include them." Speaking of a temple, he wrote: "There is no human language that can express its grandeur and details."

Cortés appreciated the products of an indigenous culture. But after contemplating them, he destroyed them. Like all his companions, he had a mind permeated with hierarchical notions of Church and Empire. Obedience to the Church and the Empire gave his soul the temper of a sword, and with its blade he cut the ties of his earlier admiration. At the first sign of insubordination, it was "we the Spaniards" against "they the Indians," which detracted from the moral value of his letters but not from the quality of his creative prose. Boldly he demanded the subjection of all the Indians and their immediate conversion to Catholicism. He ordered and threatened. If they submitted, there would be peace; if not, he would torture, murder, burn, and massacre.

Fearlessly Cortés advanced, friendly to those who yielded, cruel to those who rebelled. And in his account he did not let the shadow of his ideas obscure the picture of the Indians. Quite the contrary. If we sympathize with the Indians throughout the chronicle, it is partly because Cortés makes them appealing. We see them startled, not knowing what to do, resorting to diplomacy or conspiracy, sometimes scandalized, sometimes contemptuous, resolved at all costs to free themselves from those greedy Spaniards who, with their horses, gunpowder, and armor, would not fall back. And when the Indians finally rose in arms, Cortés put in their mouths the phrases that justified the war. Cortés was not sincere in the purposes of his letters to the Emperor, and if they lack anything it is candor; but if he failed to convey the Indians' true state of mind, it was not due to insincerity but because he could not grasp it.

It must have relieved his conscience to see that the Indians were fighting furiously among themselves. It was a double war: between the Spaniards and Indians and

of Indians against Indians. The moment came when Cortés had to protect his enemies, not from the Spaniards but from their own brothers.

With the Indian culture destroyed, Cortés began to build up the colony. By that time the Indians had lost all initiative, but from then on they were subtly to influence the formation of the new society, as shadows affect the red and gold objects in a painting. In this case those objects were Spanish. And Cortés, in his fourth letter, was to point out the flaws in Spanish colonization: the greedy plantation owner and the unworthy friar.

The sobriety of his letters was not a mark of his temperament but of his talent. He was an irascible caudillo, and, Bernal tells us, the veins at his temple throbbed during his frequent arguments. But like all the caudillos he knew how to master himself and others with cold words; and this is the way he reveals himself in his letters—cold with the coldness of a man who deliberately tries to create an impression. He was a Caesar, more like Cesare Borgia than Julius Caesar.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo (1495 or 1496-1584)

Bernal, who was one of Cortés' soldiers, recognized the leader's courage, efficiency, and dignity, but he added to the idea of a hero the idea of a group. He did not belittle Cortés; he surrounded him with people, humanized him, gave him everyday speech and gestures. So emerged another history of the conquest of New Spain, not accurate, but the most colorful. The *Verdadera historia de la conquista de la Nueva España* is one of the most moving chronicles written in Spanish and perhaps the most heatedly discussed. But say what you will, it is a pleasure to read Bernal. The reader is surprised by the contrast between the richness of the narrative and the paucity of information it is based on. Bernal was not trained to write, nor was he a soldier with heroic deeds to recount. He was an obscure man who never distinguished himself in any field, but was so ambitious that thanks to those two drawbacks—being neither writer nor hero—he produced a pleasant work.

Bernal, a man of the people, democratized the writing of history and during his long old age wrote on a subject that no one could know better than he. "And I say again that I, I myself, I say it many times, that I am the oldest [conquistador] and I have served His Majesty as a very good soldier." And the force of this "I" pounding through the *Verdadera historia* is a new sound that we have to get used to in order to enjoy it; for it is not the heroic first person, but the discontented, resentful, covetous, vain, and defaming first person of an intelligent plebeian pouring forth a cascade of memories. Bernal does not select, embellish, organize, or misrepresent. And because he lacked a sense of literary form, he gave us the most formless and complete of the Mexican chronicles. A master of narrative, he revived the past minute by minute, mixing the essential with the incidental as in a lively conversation. With one tug he pulls us from our chair and tosses us back to the sixteenth century, and we see what the Spaniards were like during their first



In these verses, Ercilla relates the punishment of the Indian Galvarino:

"Once the foe had passed the lowlands,
Once our men filed back serenely,
'Mongst some stragglers, we had captured
One barbarian widely straying
From his band. To my pavilion
He was dragged for summary justice.
As a warning to the rebels,
Both his hands we bade be severed.

I was present when on tree-stump
His right hand he laid, unquailing.
With one blow 'twas lopped, but gayly
Next his left hand was extended,
Which alike sprung, detrunated.
Blinking not, his brow unwrinkled,
With disdain and scorn, he also
Bowed his neck for execution."

—From *La Araucana*, translated by Charles Maxwell Lancaster and Paul Thomas Manchester

days in America. He spoke with the breath of a whole group—a chronicler of multitudes. The "I" became "we." Bernal remembered the heroic romances and knew that it would be easier to simplify the tale by relating individual feats with rhetorical embellishments, in the style of the epics. But he wanted to describe the efforts of the masses and chose that difficult task, suspecting that he need not do it brilliantly.

He was aware of the forcefulness of his chronicle, was even a little coquettish about it, calling himself an "unlettered idiot." In the last chapter he referred to his conversation with two gentlemen who reproached him for talking so much about himself. And who else would give the account? "Should the birds or the clouds passing overhead speak of the battles, or the captains and soldiers who fought in them? I am not boasting, but merely telling the truth: and these are not old stories of long ago, taken from Roman fables or the inventions of poets. . . ."

Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca (1490-1564 or 1567-1559)

Cabeza de Vaca, the conqueror who did not conquer, pictures in his *Naufragios* (*Shipwrecks*) a Spaniard dispossessed of all national pride. For the first time we see the man of Europe and the man of America face to face, naked. And we can imagine how that exhausted and

helpless Spaniard looked to the Indians.

Naufragios has scarcely any interest for the historian (although it has much for the ethnographer because of the rare information about Indian customs); but this is precisely its merit. Its value does not depend—as in the other chronicles—on heroic feats or conquests, or on the backdrop of opulent indigenous civilizations, but exclusively on its narrative quality.

Cabeza de Vaca left Spain in 1527. The expedition suffered a number of shipwrecks until finally the remaining boats separated and it was "every man for himself." He landed with a handful of Spaniards. Hunger, clashes with Indians, lethargy, illness ensued. . . . One by one the men died until only three remained: the chronicler, Dorantes, and the Negro Estebanico. Captured by the Indians, mistreated by some, idolized by others, Cabeza de Vaca traversed on foot a fantastic stretch of territory (from the Mississippi River to the Gulf of California). Nine years of captivity transformed him—in appearance, at least—into another Indian. Now he took pride in only one thing: in being a man. He went about naked as he was born, eating what the Indians ate, living and talking like them, different only in his Christian faith. He wrote that when he came upon some Spaniards on horseback in 1536, "they were very confused to see me so strangely dressed and in the company of Indians. They stared at me for a long time, so astonished that they did not speak to me or manage to ask me anything."

Cabeza de Vaca knew how to tell a story. He wrote in the first person and, without losing sight of the reader (he was one chronicler who wrote for the reader), he recounted his adventures in a rapid style, rich in significant details, touching, fluid as a conversation but with much literary dignity. It is one of those chronicles that are re-read with pleasure. Reading it, one is constantly visualizing, such is the force of the description. There is not one obscure page.

Alonso de Ercilla (1533-1594)

A courtier of Philip II, Ercilla already had a good literary education when he arrived in America at the age of twenty-one. He extolled what he saw and imagined in Chile in the magnificent stanzas of his epic poem *La Araucana* (*The Araucanian*).

It is undoubtedly a chronicle, but very different from all those mentioned so far, as its chief significance lies in its esthetic vision. *La Araucana* was a highlight in the evolution of the epic form. It was the first work in which the poet appeared as a participant in the epic he described, and thus it was the first to confer epic dignity on events still in progress. It was the first to immortalize in an epic poem the founding of a modern country; it was the first work about America of real poetic worth; it was the first in which the author, caught between the conflicting requirements of truth and poetry, lamented the barrenness of the Indian theme and the monotony of the war theme and exposed the intimate process of his creation.

Ercilla arrived from Spain with his mind already shaped by Renaissance literature, theology, and the legal

discussions on the conquest of the New World. While he fought, he wrote. But events did not dictate the poetry. The proof lies in the fact that the twenty-two cantos relating what he actually saw are no better than the fifteen referring to events before his arrival. The poetry flowed from the soul of a Renaissance Spaniard, a reader of Vergil and Aristotle, a soldier of the Catholic kingdom of Philip II, an enemy of the Indian—not out of greed but because the Indian was an enemy of his faith. America was sung, however, with extraordinary descriptive precision: in accounts of heroic episodes, in character sketches, in metaphors surprising in their freshness. When he tired of America, Ercilla could escape only in love scenes, prophecies, apparitions, lyrical dreams, mythological touches, imaginary journeys. This weakened the epic's structural unity, but on the other hand made *La Araucana* one of the most complex poems in the literature of the Golden Age.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

Inside Front Cover F. Adelhardt

- 3 Foto Meyn, Courtesy IBEC—Scott Seegers
- 4 Foto Meyn, Courtesy IBEC—Scott Seegers (3)
- 5 Scott Seegers (3)
- 6 George Burt, Courtesy VBEC—Courtesy Stanford University
- 7 From portrait by L. F. Usabal
- 8 From *The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca* by Morris Bishop—From *Cortez and the Conquest of Mexico*, abridged and edited by B. G. Herzog
- 9 No. 2, from *History of the New World* by Benzoni
- 10 Drawing by Ralph Robinson
- 13 Earl Leaf, Rapho-Guillumette
- 14 Courtesy Pan American World Airways—Earl Leaf, Rapho-Guillumette (3)
- 15 Earl Leaf, Rapho-Guillumette
- 16 Courtesy Pan American World Airways (top and bottom)
- 17 From *Anales del Museo Nacional de Arqueología, Historia, y Etnografía*, Tomo I, 1934
- 18 From *La Ruta de Sor Juana* by Ermilo Abreu Gómez (2)—G. H. MacDougall
- 19 From *La Ruta de Sor Juana*
- 20, 21 Courtesy Detroit's 250th Birthday Festival, Inc. (3)—Harris and Ewing
- 22 Courtesy Secrétariat d'Art, Province of Quebec—Don Cooper, Courtesy Festival
- 23 Don Cooper, Courtesy Festival (2)
- 26 From *Lasar Segall* by Paul Fierens
- 28 Dave Green Associates, New York
- 29 Courtesy World Assembly of Youth (2)
- 36 F. Adelhardt (4)
- 38 From *Los Comentarios Reales de los Incas*
- 39 Courtesy Carnegie Institution of Washington
- 42 From *History of the New World* by Benzoni—From *Cortez and the Conquest of Mexico*, abridged and edited by B. G. Herzog
- 43 From *The Araucanad*, translation by Lancaster and Manchester
- 45 No. 2, courtesy Foto Flatau—No. 3, courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines—No. 4, courtesy *The Grace Log*, W. R. Grace and Co.—No. 5, courtesy Canadian National Film Board—No. 8, Foto Humberto López Villamil—Nos. 9 and 10, courtesy USDA, Foreign Agricultural Relations photo
- 46 Scott Seegers (5)

Inside back cover Max W. Hunn

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 12



1. West of Manaus to the Peruvian frontier, the name of the Amazon River changes to Negro, Solimões, Branco, or La Plata?

2. One of the Hemisphere's most spectacular hotels is located in a country where the San Blas Islands are important tourist attraction. Is it the Nacional in Havana; the Jaragua in the Dominican Republic; or El Panamá, in Panama?



3. From their smart uniforms, these two natty gentlemen obviously represent the constabulary of the British, Dutch, French, or U.S. possessions in the West Indies. Which is it?

4. Are these machines at Santiago, Chile, roving frames for spinning cotton and rayon, printing presses, or crushers for wine-making?



5. From the view out of this Canadian's window, you can tell his profession. Is he a lighthouse keeper, forest ranger, airport control tower operator, or bird watcher?



6. Peru is a town in this state. From its silhouette, do you know which state it is?



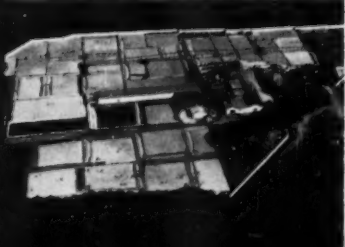
7. Father of Uruguayan independence pictured here was a military leader noted for spiritual strength and intelligence. Was he Justo Rufino Barrios, José de San Martín, or José Gervasio Artigas?



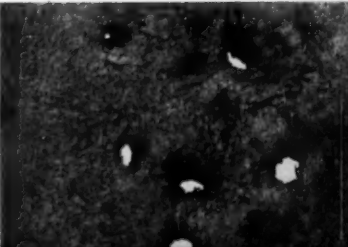
8. Maya ruins are found in southern Mexico and Guatemala, while these at Copán are located in —, the country north of Nicaragua. Fill in the blank.



9. If you were flying over El Salvador and saw this layout below representing the nation's leading industry, would you say it was a chewing gum factory, coffee-processing plant, or balsam refinery?



10. Is this an air photo of water holes in the Mexican desert, Ecuadorean cowhide damaged by torsalo fly disease, or bullet perforations in metal target?



PARTNERS IN PROGRESS

(Continued from page 6)

hundreds of pounds in nets, he pulls in his fish one at a time on a hand line. Traditionally, by the time the fish gets ashore and transported to the inland cities, a good part of it is no longer safe to eat.

VBEC set out to remedy these defects with small motorized trawlers equipped to pull heavy nets, and with freezing plants at the ports for storage and refrigerator trucks for transportation. The idea was for VBEC to catch fish in the trawlers, and buy more from local fishermen at a set, dependable, year-round price, and then to process and sell it in the cities. But the fishermen had no desire to sell fish to what they considered a competitor. The fish were no less obdurate. In this part of the Caribbean, they lived at depths beyond the reach of nets. With about two million dollars invested, the company stopped fishing on its own, and offered time-payment installation of motors and icing facilities on the fishermen's boats. This was more acceptable to the fishermen, and production went up. Then the company officers realized with a start that they were buying a lot more fish than they were selling. It was obvious that Venezuelans didn't eat much fish because of poor supply. (Venezuelan Catholics are not subject to the Friday taboo on meat because of the chronic scarcity of fish). Without going into it too deeply the company assumed that sales would increase with the supply. They were wrong. Because of a nearly fishless tradition, inland Venezuelans were indifferent to the succulent red snapper, pompano, Spanish mackerel, and other toothsome varieties piling up at the rate of fifty tons per month in VBEC's storage lockers. The company gamely set about the slow task of educating the public to eat more fish. Meantime, Pesquerías Caribe, the fishing company, loses about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Not all the enterprises are on such a broad scale. One of the most appealing projects is that of the CBR, which has over two hundred acres of government-owned land to sell on easy terms in small parcels to credit-worthy farmers. Many of these are young men who have worked through the one-year agricultural course sponsored by the CBR. They have learned the care and use of machinery, the advantages of fertilizer, and crop rotation. They have seen bigger crops come from hybrid seed, and watched cross-bred animals grow bigger and stronger than the native breed on the same amount of pasture. The applicant rents his parcel for the first year, at 20 bolívars per hectare—about \$2.50 per acre. With CBR supervised credit he can get a loan for seeds and simple equipment, and for building a small house under CBR supervision.

The supervised credit program and all the long-range instruction programs of the CIDEA are available for any family of good character. The progress made by many of them is impressive. For example, a study of one hundred rural families taking part in the credit program shows that in a single year the average land holding increased from about fifteen to over nineteen acres. Nearly all of them earned more and bought more. Before

VBEC hopes to improve haphazard marketing, as at Maracaibo, where sailboats bring fruit for sale on wharf



Daniel Landaeta, one of many villagers helped by CBR program



Right: AIA helped build this village fountain to provide pure water



At CBR machinery center near Valencia, students learn use and care of modern equipment



Right: Venezuelan Government has built many new schools like this one in Valencia



the program started, the average yearly gross expenditure of the family was approximately \$335 and the net income \$127. In the first year these figures rose to about \$445 and \$215, respectively. Payments on the loans ran far ahead of schedule, and the ownership of cattle and other possessions increased as much as sixty per cent.

The program extends to the smallest detail. Señora María de Mercado displayed with great pride the new stove the CBR had showed her son how to build in the small adobe house they live in. She pointed to a tin pipe running at an angle through the roof. "Now the smoke goes outside instead of staying in here," she explained. She has fenced the chickens out of the dirt-floored veranda and has improved the tiny house at almost no expense until it is the envy of the neighbors. Her son Daniel now has an application for a parcel of land, which he will probably get.

Down the street, old Daniel Landaeta, a family man, was equally proud of the CBR-built latrine, and his wife of the preserved fruit and vegetables the CBR had showed her how to put up. Landaeta's tiny subsistence patch of land sported fine rows of eggplant, lettuce, carrots, and string beans. He is employed as a day laborer, but if all has gone well with him, he is now working the rented twelve-acre parcel for which he had requested a loan.

A great deal of money has gone into these and other projects. To date the Rockefellers (mainly Nelson) have contributed \$1,000,000 to VBEC. The Venezuelan Government has put up \$1,492,500, the oil companies a whopping \$12,840,000, and other investors, \$483,000. The AIA projects are paid for fifty-fifty by the AIA and the government, to date totalling \$2,400,000. As with the VBEC, most of the AIA participation is Nelson's money.

To answer the inevitable question, "What does Nelson Rockefeller get out of all this?", one must go back to the childhood of the five Rockefeller brothers, Nelson, John D. III, Winthrop, David, and Laurance, and their sister, Mrs. Abby Rockefeller Pardee.

As might be supposed, the best was none too good for this gilded sextet in the way of clothes, schools, diet, and housing, and other provisions for their basic well-being. But beyond these fundamentals, the boys, at least, were on their own. At eight, Nelson's allowance was thirty cents a week, an austerity heightened by the paternal suggestion that he bank a dime of this sum and devote another ten cents to charity. Since paternal suggestions were not lightly regarded in the Rockefeller household, this left ten cents a week for whatever his fancy dictated. If he wanted more spending money, he earned it, by such chores as trapping mice at a small bounty, raising and selling rabbits, and the like. The children shined their own shoes, hung up their own clothes, and were respectful to their elders.

The fiercely competitive phase of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.'s amazing career was past before Nelson and his brothers and sister arrived. While the profit motive was never disparaged, the children also had before them the example of their grandfather's breathtaking charities, such as the earth-girdling Rockefeller Foundation and

other projects, which reached a total of more than \$500,000,000 before the elder Rockefeller's death. As the children grew up, their father, John D. Jr., gave them a hand in managing these vast affairs, which were run as rigidly as businesses, except that the column that in a business would be reserved for profits was occupied by accomplishments often just as tangible, if less negotiable.

That the custom of prosperity might not languish, the young Rockefellers were also encouraged in projects founded for the unabashed purpose of making money. Already a new pattern of enterprise was emerging: one designed to do much good for a great many people, and at the same time do no harm to the family exchequer. Perhaps the most monumental example of this type of project is Rockefeller Center, in mid-town Manhattan. This cluster of enormous buildings, erected during the depression when many perfectly habitable buildings had more empty offices than tenants, gave work to thousands of men in the hard-hit building trades. That the Center also turned out to be an admirable money-maker does not detract from the initiative and courage that started it. While it was going up a lot of people thought the Rockefellers were throwing money away.

Nelson's wartime duties as Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and later, as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of dealings with the American republics, gave him additional insight into the type of projects necessary and welcome in Latin America.

With such background, and taxes being what they are, it is hardly surprising that after the war the young Rockefellers merged their resources in a corporation (Rockefeller Brothers, Inc.) primarily concerned with good works, with the profit motive occupying a secondary place. Each of the brothers invests as much or as little as he likes in the various projects, which operate in nearly every country of the free world. As the Western Hemisphere expert, Nelson's chief effort is in the AIA and the IBEC, in which his investments far outweigh those of his brothers.

The skeptic who still insists on an ulterior motive might be quieted with the observation that Nelson and his brothers seem to be doing a first rate job of selling the blessings of the capitalistic system in other countries, and no one will deny that the Rockefellers have a considerable stake in the survival of capitalism.

The over-all results in Venezuela have convinced the participants that they are partners in a going concern. The small percentage of downright failures, the success and indications of later success in other projects seem ample vindication of North American faith in the efficacy of helping others to help themselves. Nelson Rockefeller, long a highly vocal campaigner for this principle, has backed his faith with tangible works that serve as a sort of pilot plant for the U.S. Government Point Four program.

Two years ago, when President Truman was looking for a man to head the Point Four Advisory Committee, it was inevitable that he should decide on Rockefeller, virtually the only man in the country with practical, out-of-pocket experience for the job.

RADIO AND RECORDS

Weekly Pan American Union Radio Programs:

PAN AMERICAN PARTY
American Broadcasting Company
Saturday 2:30 p.m. E.S.T.

PAN AMERICAN SERENADES
Continental FM Network
Friday 8:30 p.m. E.S.T.

PANAMERICANA
WGMS, Washington, D.C.
570 kcs AM, 103.5 mgs FM
Saturday 5:00 p.m. E.S.T.

The month of August brought an unexpected increase in tango recording releases. Many of the tangos released are new ones, but there are also a few old favorites from the time when Carlos Gardel was the tango idol of the Americas. Among the old ones are:

EL DIA QUE ME QUIERAS
Sung by Hugo del Carril (Secco 7116)

EL CHAMUYO
Played by the Pirincho Quintet (Columbia 6644)
Among the new tangos:

EL RAPIDO
Héctor Varela Orchestra (Pampa 11007)

TUCUMAN and UN TANGO PARA MI VIEJA
Juan D'Arienzo Orchestra (Victor 23-5506-A)

The August releases also revived some of the old Latin American favorites:

LA BELLA CUBANA
Trio América (Victor 23-5487). This traditional old Cuban *danza* of José White acquires fresh charm in this new version by the young trio.

SOLAMENTE UNA VEZ (*You Belong to my Heart*)
Sung in English by Bob Eberly (Capitol 1557)

NOCHE DE RONDA (*Be Mine Tonight*)
Sammy Kaye Orchestra (Columbia 39531).
Bill Farrel, vocalist with orchestra (M-G-M). Both versions have English lyrics.

Recommended for those who like lively Caribbean rhythms:

ME VOY DE LA VIDA, porro
Johnny Albino and his San Juan Trio (Verne V-0656). This Colombian *porro*, played and sung in a genuine style, does special credit to the versatility of the Albino group.

MI GALLO
Chapuseaux (singer) and Damirón (pianist) and their orchestra play it as a *porro-guaracha* (Landia 5020). Dámaso Pérez Prado and his orchestra play it as a *guaracha-mambo* (Victor 23-5484). Both outstanding. This *guaracha* of Jorge Zayas is enjoying great popularity.

For those who must have at least one *ranchera* a day:

AL MORIR LA TARDE
Trio Calaveras (Victor 23-5497)

OTRA VEZ
Elena y Arturo (Decca 10558)
For Brazilian rhythms, this album of

SAMBAS BY EDMUNDO ROS and his orchestra (London Album LA 106) contains: *Cavaquinho, samba; Lero, Lero, marcha; Para-quedista, chôro; Samba, Samba; Tangara Na Dança, chorinho; and Copacabana, samba*. Interpreted in the smooth, sophisticated manner characteristic of the popular Venezuelan maestro.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JAPAN SENDS TOYS

Dear Sirs:

In your article about the recent Kansas-Missouri flood ("Disaster Strikes the Midlands," September 1951), you mention overseas aid given to stricken families—that France, West Germany, and the Danish legation in Belgrade all offered help. I thought you might be interested to know that Japan made a contribution, too. Through the Red Cross, Japanese children sent toys to their unfortunate contemporaries in the flooded area.

A. Nagako
Honolulu, Hawaii

RETURN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

I don't wish to bother you, but knowing that AMERICAS publishes letters from persons wishing to correspond with others abroad, I wonder if you would be good enough to publish mine. I wish to correspond with Spanish-speaking persons of any nationality over an indefinite length of time. I want to talk about customs and practices in my country as a means of learning those of others. At the same time, allow me to congratulate AMERICAS for the work it is doing to unite the free nations of America.

Irene Mc-
Blanch No. 3
Reperto Juanelo
Havana, Cuba

Dear Sirs:

Allow me to send you my sincere greetings and congratulations for the pleasing and interesting articles published recently in AMERICAS. I am taking this opportunity to inquire whether you would be willing to publish my name and address. I would like to correspond with people in the various American countries in order to learn more about their customs, traditions, and legends. It makes no difference whether the countries are south or central, whether they are Jamaica, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, or Brazil. I consider each one a true friend...

Jesús Gómez M.
Diamante No. 41
Col. Estrella,
G. A. Madero
Mexico, D.F.

TO KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS

Dear Sirs:

I am writing you in connection with our new program of Latin American studies, which will be inaugurated in September 1951 by the School of General Studies, the adult education division of Columbia University.

As you know, the various departments of the university have been offering under their own auspices courses dealing with Latin America. Now, however, the School of General Studies feels the time is ripe for a coordinated over-all plan. Because of the steadily increasing importance of the American republics in international relations, industry, and commerce, not to mention educational and cultural exchanges, a program of Latin American studies is being offered as a unified effort for the first time.

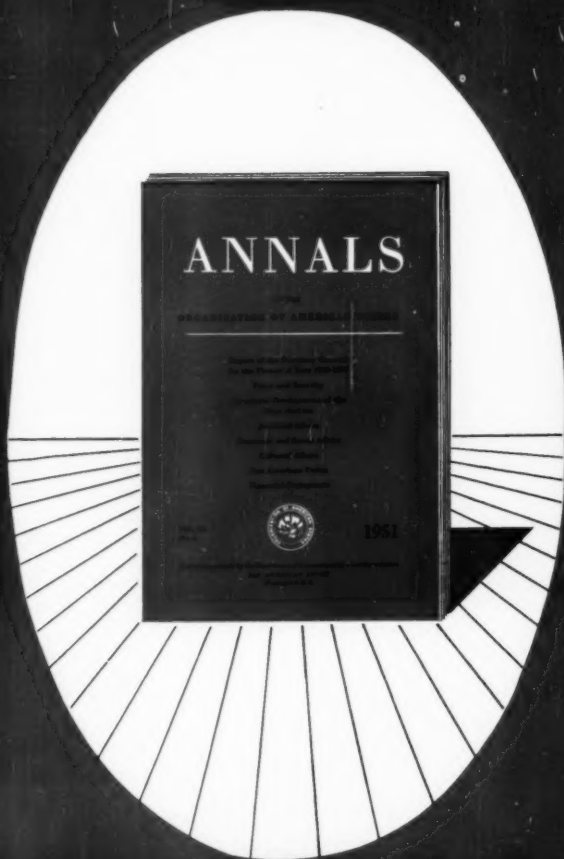
To old courses, many new ones are being added. These include anthropology, archeology, economics, education, fine arts, geography, government, history, international relations, linguistics, sociology, languages, and literature. Other courses will be added as the requirements of the program may demand.

I should appreciate your printing this letter for the information of prospective students.

Anthony Tudisco
Representative for Latin American Studies
School of General Studies
Columbia University
New York City

Opposite: Mailboxes are familiar fixtures along the highways and byways of rural U.S.A.





official bulletin of the Organization of American States
published quarterly, presenting hemisphere history in the
making in Spanish, Portuguese, French, or English

\$2.00 annually per language edition, Pan American Union, Washington 25, D. C.